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THE
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CENSOR.

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THE
CENSUS
OF



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To the Right Honourable

R I C H A R D

Earl of *Burlington*, &c.

My LORD,



HO' the Title
of these Papers
may seem to
aim only at the
Correction of Vice and
Folly, yet have they an
equal Right to display
the nobler Acts of Hu-

A 3

ma-

Dedication.

manity, those of Honour and Virtue. In this latter View alone they claim your Lordship's Protection, wherein if the Copies they give of a Great and Good Mind seem faint and languid, let it be imputed to the Distance of the Hand which drew them from your Lordship the Original.

It is hard, my Lord, to speak of you with Justice,

Dedication.

stice, as it is easie to speak
of Others with Flattery.
Yet, surely, it ought to
be remember'd as an
Honour to our Country,
as well as to yourself,
that the Spring of your
Life is crown'd with all
those Virtues, which
with Others are the slow
Effects of Time, or a
more severely purchased
Experience. It has hap-
pen'd that a Philoso-
pher has contemn'd Vice
and

Dedication.

and Vanity, a retir'd Student made a Figure in Letters, but it is new for a Person of the highest Birth to be in Youth a Philosopher in his Pleasures, or a Peer to excell in Learning more than in Fortune.

That which would have been a Disadvantage to any but a Genius like yours, proves your greatest Glory. You were preceded by a noble

Dedication.

ble Train of Ancestors,
and it is owing to You
that we can speak of
them to your Face with
the juster Praise, since
their Fame suffers no Di-
minution by descending
to your Lordship.

My Lord,

I could speak with Plea-
sure of the several Arts
and Sciences, in which
you excel, and in which
by your Encourage-
ment

Dedication.

ment others are taught
to excell: But I consi-
der to whom I speak,
and tho' I am unable to
praise well, yet I have
the common Right of
wishing well: And
therefore that you may
long shine the First of
that Illustrious House
which has turnish'd your
Country with so many
Peers and Patriots, Pa-
trons and Masters of
Arms

Dedication.

Arms and Arts, is the
sincere Wish (and surely
I cannot wish you a
greater,) of,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

The CENSOR.

London

My dear Mr. A. B. C.
I have the pleasure to
acknowledge the receipt of
your letter of the 10th inst.

and in reply to inform you

that the same has been forwarded

to the proper authorities

for their consideration

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

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THE
CENSOR.

V O L. III.

N^o 64. *Tuesday, March 19. 1717.*

Ficta Voluptatis causâ—— Hor.



THE chief Reason why I have not of late endeavour'd to entertain the Publick with my Dreams, (tho' I presage your *little Wits*, whose distinguishing Talent is *Smartness*, will say that they think I am always in a *Dream*;) is, that I have been setting a-part a *Chamber*,
VoL. III. B which

which I take Care to have properly *fumigated* for the particular Exercise of this Faculty. Such an Appropriation of Place may be ridicul'd by some as an Act of Superstition ; but let them remember that the *Patients* of *Æsculapius*, who were to depend on his Assistance, were oblig'd for their Recovery to *sleep in his Temple*.

The first Time I made an Experiment of this Dormitory, my nocturnal *Speculations*, if such I may call the *Images* of *Sleep*, were employ'd in a Scene where the *Grave* and *Ridiculous* were unaccountably blended. I found my self in a large but ruinous old Dome, all the Avenues to which were throng'd with Crouds of visionary People, who seem'd thrust forwards towards a spacious Hall, which was supported by Pillars of the *Dorick* Order. I saw a Chair of State at the upper End of the Hall, and beneath it a long Table cover'd with Books not unlike those of Registers in our Courts of Justice. The strict Silence that was kept, and the Sollicitude which I observ'd in every Countenance, gave me no slight Expectation of what was to ensue: And I was not less alarm'd at overhearing one who stood at my Elbow, and in a Whisper wonder'd, *When the*
In-

Inquisition *would sit*. This Question put me afresh upon the Admiration; and especially when, upon looking round, I could discover nothing in the *Habits*, or *Completions* of the Persons about me, to suspect that I was got into the *Spanish Territories*. I was not long in this Confusion, e'er a prodigious *Bull of Brass* was hoisted in by proper Engines, and plac'd on a Pile of Stones, rear'd Altar-wise, in the Middle of the Hall.

I perceiv'd now that I was transported into old *Sicily*, and was soon convinc'd by a Noise of *Clear the Court there, Room for Phalaris*.——He was follow'd by Three Persons in the Nature of Assistants; the first of whom, of an affable and pleasant Countenance, sat down on a Stool at *Phalaris's Feet*; and the other Two, who, as I heard, were *Severity* and *Ill-Nature*, plac'd themselves on the Right and Left of him. No sooner was the Judge seated, but a fresh Concourse of People broke in, and a general Face of Business was seen throughout the Hall. Some let down a ponderous Wicket-door, which discover'd a Cavity in the Belly of the *Bull*, capacious as that of the *Trojan Horse* so renown'd in Story. (For when the Cri-

minals were convicted by the *Inquisition*, they stow'd as many of them as the Cavity would hold, and so bak'd some Hundreds together, as well to make a Riddance, as to increase the Bellowings produc'd from their Groans, and which were by Pipes convey'd to the Nostrils of the Bull.) A Race of *Informers*, who presided o'er the larger Fewel, came in loaded with Loggs, and Heaps of Bavins, which they laid on the Pile of Stones; and after them a Train of sower-look'd *Criticks* with *Elegies*,^{*} *Pastorals*, and *Panegyricks*, which were the *Brushwood* that was to kindle up the Fire. At this a mighty Murmur arose, and a Clan of meagre Youths knelt before the *Inquisitor*, and beg'd their *own Bodies* might be committed to the Flames to redeem their *Works*; but a more numerous Sett of People, with a Mixture of *Business* and *Stupidity* in their Faces, and Reams of *Damask'd Paper* under their Arms, lodg'd Petitions, setting forth their Losses by such intolerable *Copies*; and, in Consideration thereof, implored that the *Authors* and their *Poetry* might share the same Fate: Upon which a merry *Punster*, who was in Danger of the same Infliction, could not help remarking,
That

That it was not the first Time an *Author* had been roasted alive. But *Phalaris*, to prevent further Interruptions, gave a Charge to have them all confin'd during Pleasure, and bade the Court proceed on the Indictments. No sooner was the Proclamation of Silence made, and the Books open'd, but I observ'd the Person who sat on the Stool at the *Inquisitor's* Feet, and who, as I afterwards learnt, was *Mercy*, had private Orders to withdraw.

As the Causes came on, and Business thickned, I found the *Soldiers*, *Lawyers*, *Physicians* and *Courtiers*, made the greatest Work for the Inquisition. *Phalaris* would throw away no Examination on the *Men of War*; but knowing what Villanies his own Guards were capable of, pass'd Sentence upon the whole Profession. The *Lawyers*, who stood charg'd of taking Fees on both Sides, insisted on being heard in their Defence; but it being doubted whether they would not challenge the Right of the Court, their Motion in Arrest of Judgment was over-rul'd. The general Clamour against the *Physicians* ran on willful Murther; and upon their Convictions they were order'd first to take their

own Prescriptions, the better to prepare them for the Fiery Tryal. As the *Courtiers* were brought up, who look'd in much Confusion, I saw them dropping *Bank-bills*, and *Purses* of Gold behind them, to avoid having the Goods found upon them; and look'd as if they could have been glad even of a little *Holy-water*, by way of *Ablution*: As their Indictments were for taking *Bribes*, and *undermining* One Another, they would not stand the Shame of an Examination, but submitted to the Charge, and pleaded *Guilty*.

Soon after, a Troop of gay Damsels, that look'd mighty well to outward Appearance, were hurried to the Bar; but *Phalaris* understanding they were *Ladies of Pleasure* would not waste his Fewel on them; but remanded them to their Calling, to be burnt in Fires of their own kindling: The elderly Nymphs, who had employ'd their *friendly Industry* in *procuring*, were adjudg'd to a new Occupation, and equipp'd for selling *Drams* and *Gingerbread* to the *Camp*.

The vast Multitude of *Mechanicks*, amongst whom the *Gamesters* were shuffled in, were not to be heard, as I found, on the Merit of their Trades; but they were

were referr'd to an Examination by the Lump with the *Pick-pockets*.

The *Beaus*, who had little to plead in *Abatement*, but their plentiful Fortunes, and yet were too inoffensive to suffer the general Sentence, were ordered to be stript of their Finery, and turn their dainty Hands to Employment: Some were condemn'd to make *Wash-Balls* and *Perriwig-blocks* for the Barbers; Others, *Rattles* and *Hobby-horses* for Children. A Number of *Poets* stood indicted; but as they prov'd they had *no Title to the Name*, the Indictment was declar'd faulty, and they evaded the Sentence.

I saw one dragg'd along towards the Bar who, by his Locks hanging pretty deep over his Forehead, the twisting of his Wrists with an Air of Contempt, the turning of his Head as full of Suspicion, and some other Symptoms of Lunacy, I could have sworn had been poor *Furius*: but as I press'd forwards for more Certainty, I observ'd *Phalaris* point towards me, and as I suspected with Orders for securing Me: When starting back against a *Pillar*, as I thought, to be upon my Defence, I receiv'd a Blow from my *Beds-head*, which rescued me from the Tyrant, and interrupted my *Vision*.

N° 65. *Thursday, March 21.*

— *Animum Picturâ pascit inani.*

Virg.

AS there are some *Vanities*, which the *wiser* Part of the World all agree in condemning, so there are others concerning which this superiour Class of Reasoning Men are divided: And yet further, there are little Follies of these kinds, which when the gravest of us all have ridiculed in others, we at last come to approve of, and submit to Our selves. Nothing shews the Weakness of Human Nature, and the Uncertainty of our best Sentiments, more than such contradictory Practices meeting in the same Person; This levels the *Wise* with the *Fool*, and makes the *Philosopher* as perfect an Object of Scorn, as any of his own Searches have found among the Mass of his Fellow Creatures.

Among many Examples I have chose that of the suffering the Resemblances of our selves to be drawn in *Picture*, as one which

which has given an Occasion of Offence to Men of the finest Understanding. *Plotinus* the *Platonist*, was often solicited by his Scholars to sit for his Picture, which he has often refused; but it was at last performed by a Stratagem without his Knowledge, tho' not without giving their Master great Uneasiness. When he was asked the Question, his Answer was very remarkable, and what has been admired as a noble, and sublime Sentiment by his Successors in the *Platonick School*. ' Is it not enough, says he, ' to drag every where about with us ' that *Image* in which we have been shut ' up by *Nature*; Can it be imagined ' that we must besides transmit to future Ages an *Image* of that *Image*?

Now this very Person caused the same Resemblances to be made of his Predecessors *Socrates* and *Plato*, and if he reasoned rightly, might easily have concluded, that his Admirers would have the same Reasons to request his *Picture*, as he had *theirs*. There might, perhaps, be a greater Vanity in his Haughtiness, covered by a pretended Humility, than there would have been in complying with the Humour of his Pupils, and the Custom of his Times. But to Me

this celebrated Reply of the Philosopher seems to go a great deal too far to be just, and rational. For if we consider, it will hold as well against the Propagating the Human *Species*, as the *Art of Painting*. What are those Traces of our selves which we are so fond of, and are so much the more transported with, the nearer they approach the Features of the *Original*? Are not these *Pictures of our selves*? These are *Images of Images*, in the Sense of the *Platonists*. But it must be said, that *Nature* dictates to us the Preservation of the One, tho' not of the Other. Delight springs up from an easie unforced Source on the one Hand, but it grows out of a perverted Self-Love, and Flattery on the Other. To love my Children, is to love what I was ordained to love; but to admire my self, and multiply a poor Form upon Wood and Canvas, carries with it too great a Fondness for my *Dear self*.

To shew you that I am not the only one who have made the Argument of *Plotinus* reach so far, I will observe that a very delicate *English* Poet has argued in the same Way against Generation; and I am not the first who has thought

a Poet's Authority as good as a Philosopher's.

To get our Likeness, What is that?

Our Likeness is but Misery.

Why should I toil to propagate

As vile a Thing as I?

The Thought indeed is pretty and well-turn'd, but yet at the Bottom unnatural, and the Effect of false Reason. This Wit, as well as those who have rallied Pictures, did it in his Hours of Spleen and Contempt of the World; These are only small Rubbs which divert the Eyes of Nature; but she soon leans again to her first Point. I will give a new Proof of this upon my first Subject, from a very eminent Philosopher.

In the Letters which passed between Mr. *Lock* and Mr. *Molineux*, the latter begs the Picture of his Friend. He replies, *That Pictures of Kings, Heroes, and Great Men were only proper.* Mr. *Molineux* takes the Advantage of the Answer, and returns, *That it was for that very Reason he desir'd His.* It may be question'd which was the greater Infirmary in the Philosopher, to lay himself open to so genteel a Flattery, or to accept of it,

it, and comply afterwards. The same happen'd to the witty Madam *des Houliers*, who made a very fine Copy of Verses in the Bloom of her Years, against the Vanity of Pictures; and yet in the Decline of her Days and Beauty, suffer'd her Own to be drawn. Neither did she stop there, but could not forbear paying a Compliment to her Painter and her self, by saying, That he had restor'd her to the Lustre of her first Charms. It would be unfair to compare the *Lady* and the *Philosopher*, much being to be allow'd on the *Female* side; but this must be said in Honour to her, That she had the good Sense to laugh at her self, and draw a very fine Moral from her own Weakness.

I find Quotations to be much like Stories, for it is hard to get out of the Vein of them, when we have once begun; but I promise my Reader to take my Leave of them with the following.

The Curious have observ'd, that the *Fops* in our Sex, and the *Coquets* in the Female, are the Fondest of their own dear Faces. A certain Lady of this Complection had her Picture drawn by the famous *Mrs. le Hay*, and after it was done liked it so well, that she would have

have Five Copies of the same. A Gentleman who paid a Visit to the Person who drew them seeing so many Copies, in a Surprise, ask'd *Why so many Copies as Five of One Face?* To which she reply'd, *Quoniam multiplicatæ sunt Iniquitates ejus*, Because her Iniquities are multiplied. Let the first *Coquet*, who reads it, apply to her self this Story.

N^o 66. *Saturday, March 23.*

Τὰ ἅπαντα ἐπὶ πάνσι χρήσιμον καὶ εἰ μὴ ἀπορία ἔ
λεχθῆναι εἶπεν. Lucian.

IN Eloquence, as the ingenious *Montagne* has observ'd, Some have such a Facility and Readiness, which may be call'd the Gift of Utterance, that they are ready at every Turn : Others are slow, and speak only what is premeditated and elaborate : This Class of Men, of so valuable a Tongue in *Extempore* Harangues, when they come to range their Thoughts, and digest them in Black and White, are often put to the Stand for Expressions, and not seldom for the Thought
it

it self and Method of Argument. There are, on the other hand, Persons who have no Fluency of Words, or Knack of Delivery, that, when they come to write, think, as it were, off hand, and dress up their *Ideas* with as much Ease as the *first* can express them. Were I to chuse, in general, with the Writings of which of these differing *Genius's* I would converse, it should be with the most *ready Thinker*: The Florid Speaker generally puts on us something crude and trifling; or, when he overlabours his Theme, is dry and barren. The Man, who is not so copious in his Utterance, but thinks freely, seldom troubles his Readers with bad Sterling; and, even where he takes most Scope, fills up his Argument with solid Beauties. To instance in the most noted *Orators* of Antiquity; *Cicero*, who was so fluent a Speaker, and so expert at Replication in his Pleadings, if we may credit *Quintilian* in the Matter, has often inserted in his Writings what might very well be spared: *Demosthenes*, who, as *Plutarch* informs us, was so timorous in delivering himself, that *Demades* often rose up to help him out, is most approv'd by
the

the Learned, in those Orations that are of the greatest Extent.

It is apparent by this, that it requires an Author of great Sufficiency, as well as an Impartial Judge of his own Performances, to put Imagination on the Stretch, and draw out a Subject with Copiousness, yet not let his Style or Matter be low or impertinent. The too common Failing of absurd and tiresome Repetitions, the dwelling on trivial and useless Circumstances, and adorning Descriptions of no moment with all the Flowers of Rhetorick, no doubt, has made the Publick wish for Retrenchments in Works that they would like well without this superfluous Garniture. Such a blameable *Redundancy* in the Writers of his Time, made *Lucian*, whom I have quoted at the Head of my Paper, declare for *Brevity*; and especially where there is no Want of Matter to enlarge upon.

An Affectation of swelling our Discourses into a Length, and drawing over an *Identity* of *Images* with Variety of Phrase, is worse than treating our Friends with one sort of Flesh in all the several Tricks of Cookery. The Spinning out of an Argument by such Repetitions

petitions weakens mightily its Force, and often makes the Reader lose the Tract of our Reasoning. It is customary in *Italy* to make their Meat taste of nothing but *Spicery*; and so these additional Parts in Writing, like too *strong Sauces*, extinguish the Relish of that which should be the *Food*.

For my self, who would try all Experiments to prove the Palates and Tempers of my Readers, I sometimes chuse to contract my Dissertations for their Relief; and as a *Predecessor* of mine profess'd at Seasons to be *dull*, so I do to be *brief*, on Purpose. There are several Methods by which I contrive to husband my Discourse, as by prefixing one time a long *Motto*, then splitting the Contents into a Variety of Paragraphs, and by taking my *Printer* into Counsel on the Disposition of the Whole; and all this is done, when I am neither idle nor indispos'd; neither cramp't in Sense, nor any ways at a Loss, if I pleas'd, to draw it out to double the Compass.

Whenever I have these Views to the unbending of my Reader's Attention, I am not remiss in going round to such Places, where I know my Paper has
gain'd

gain'd Admission, to collect their different Sentiments on my *Brevity*.

Your old frugal Sages, who spend but their *Three-half-pence* in *News* and *Coffee*, and who look on Labour and Industry to be the chief Merit of every Production, shake their Heads and cry, *The Fellow is grown abominable Lazy, or else the Fund of his Invention is exhausted*. I could soon beat them out of these Remarks, would I explain to them of how indefatigable a Nature I am; and what Stores of Supplies, from several Correspondents, I have now actually by me, which for some Reasons I am content to postpone.

The brisk and airy Sparks, who dread a long Lecture of Morality, as much as the Company of an *old Woman*, or their *Tutors*, take my contracted Essays up with a pleasant Eye; and finding them to tally with their Patience, tender Me the Compliment of being *short* and *sweet*.

The sower *Species* of Mortals, who are not for bating an Inch of their Measure, and without regard to the Quality of my *Lucubrations*, would have Me as full as the *Flying-Post*, when-ever they find me come short of their Hopes, throw

throw down my Paper with Discontent, and mutter, and scan over all the other Prints before they will vouchsafe Me a Reading.

The greatest Complaints that I hear in this Case, come from those *Widows* and other *Female* Customers, who take in my Paper for the publick Entertainment: This is a Tribe, as the whole Sex is penurious and expecting in way of Traffick, who repine at their Charge when they think I have any Ease, and can only be satisfied with *Length* and *Quantity*.

As I am pleas'd at the Disappointment of those ingenious Friends, who make my Dissertations a constant part of their Amusement, and are only balk'd at my being so *Laconick*, because they are willing I should lengthen their Diversion: So I must proclaim War on those unmeaning *Mutineers*, who peruse me without any Contribution of Praise, or Allowance of Merit, yet, indolent as they are, take upon them to prescribe Limits to my Pen, and censure my Industry. And as for those *precise* and *cautious* Purchasers, who think they are over-rated at the Price of *Two-pence*, and repine at the Necessity of entertaining my
Paper,

Paper, I will endeavour to reform them by a short Story, which is well known to my Readers, whose Capacities are of another Pitch, and whose Notions are more refin'd and elevated.

A strange old Woman came once to *Tarquin*, the Second of that Name who reign'd in *Rome*, lugging under her Arm *Nine Books*, which, she said, were the Oracles of the *Sibyls*, and proffer'd them in Sale. The King making some Scruples about the Price, she went her way, and burnt *Three* of them: and then returning with the *Six* that remain'd, ask'd the same Sum that she had requir'd for the Whole. *Tarquin* only laugh'd at the Humour, upon which the old Woman left him once more; and after she had burnt *Three* others, came again with the *Three* that were left, and still persisted in the same Demands. The King began to wonder at her Obstinacy, and thinking there might be something more than ordinary in the Business, sent for the *Augurs* to consult what must be done. They soon acquainted him what a Piece of Impiety he had been guilty of, by refusing a Treasure sent to him from Heaven, and commanded him to
give

give whatever she demanded for the Books that remain'd.

Without putting my Labours in Competition with those *Sibylline Pages*, I shall leave these *Malecontents* with this Application; that tho' I should think fit to reduce my Paper to the *Third Part* of the Length, which the shortest I have wrote is now of, they may be glad to consult their Interest so far, as to purchase it at the Price first demanded.

N° 67. *Tuesday, March 26.*

—*Si certam finem esse viderent
Ærumnarum homines, aliquâ ratione valerent
Religionibus, atque Minis obsistere Vatum:
Nunc ratio nulla' est restandi, nulla Facultas,
Æternas quoniam Pœnas in Morte timendum.*
Lucret.

THERE are no greater, nor more common Nufances of Conversation, than the two Extremes of *Atheism* and *Bigotry*. It is too frequent a Provocation to a Man of my Gravity, and reserv'd Behaviour, to be oblig'd to sit up with a Mixture of Company, who, when

when the *Watchman* has gone his Round, and the Sparks are entring on their *Third Bottle*, will trouble the Board with Debates of *Religion*, and the Power of *Faith*. How unfit a Time is it, when either Reason nods, or is bewilder'd, to launch out into Subjects of such a Nature; and play the *Scepticks*, when our Notions must be so confus'd, that we cannot deduce the Argument to a Consequence. I doubt not but this Custom of trifling with Immortality, and Themes above the Sphere of common Reason, when the Powers of Wine have made the Tongue licentious, has been the Cause of many a *Free-thinker* among the alert and sanguine; and no less encourag'd *Superstition* in Those, who have imbib'd odd Sentiments from the Weakness of their own Constitutions, or swallow'd them from the Imposition of their Teachers.

To set the Unreasonableness of these *Opposites* in Character to View, is the Purpose of my present Paper.

To begin then with your Incliners to *Atheism*, for I will not allow such an Existence as a real *Atheist*, since the most obdurate and unbelieving have been brought to Conviction, and confess'd

fess'd their Principles sprung from Affectation, or a Neglect of informing themselves in the Matter. These gay Gentlemen, who have generally so much Learning as teaches them to chop *false Logick*, lay all the Stress on their own *Syllogisms*; and will neither hearken to the *Harmony of Prophecies* in the Sacred Writings, nor admit the Light of a *reveal'd Religion*.

It is the grand Business of these pretended *Atheists* to dethrone *Faith*, and bring her down to the Level of *Reason*; to believe Nothing, but what must descend to the Reach of their Capacities, and be the Object of so *fallible* a Thing as *Sense*; not observing all the while that the Wisdom of their Disquisitions extends at most but to *Second Causes*. Their blind Desire of throwing off Obligations to a *Divine Being*, and putting themselves above a Dependance on Providence, makes them grasp at all the Extravagances of *Paganism*, and fortify themselves with the Tenets of *Epicurus*, that, like the old *Athenians*, they may pride themselves in being *Earth-born*. If you offer to argue on the Point of Creation, they will tell you, as *Shakespeare's Lear* says to his Daughter, *Nothing can*

come

come of Nothing.—The Revolutions and Changes of *Matter* and the *Elements*, from which they are ascertain'd that there is no *Annihilation*, convince them that the Mass which compos'd the Universe must have been Eternal; since what they see cannot totally perish, could, by the same Reason, have no Beginning.

From such a System of Absurdities, these Ideots represent Religion as an Institution merely Political; that a God, or Supreme Being, is suppos'd for the Support of Government, and keeping up a proper Deference to our Superiors: At this rate of thinking, Offices of Piety are but carrying on a grave State-Farce; and publick Worship is alone ordain'd for Example, and to keep the Ignorant in proper Subjection. By such an Opinion, it is plain, that Morality may be quite casheer'd betwixt Man and Man; and the Satisfaction of doing a good Action, which mistaken People have thought to consist in Conscience, is only in not transgressing Human Ordinances, and in keeping free from the Penalties of the Law.

Monf. St. *Evrement*, I remember, is somewhere scandaliz'd at the Custom of the Schools, for making it a Question
in

in their *Metaphysicks*, Whether there be a GOD? He look'd upon the Proof of such a Principle by natural Reason, to be an Impiety: But when the Divines ask, said One who remark'd on his Works, Whether there be a God? 'Tis not to doubt of his Existence, but to give certain Proofs of it, and to confound the Atheists; as Physick instructs us in the Knowledge of Poisons, in order to cure those that are infected with them.

If we examine well the Consequences of denying a Divine Being, we shall find they will center in making *our Souls* of no more Value than those of the *Brute* Creation; and the meanest Animal, and We, shall be upon the same Establishment: If our Actions are not directed by some higher Influence, if we do not hope to be rewarded for our Virtue, and fear to be punish'd for the Crimes we commit in Life, then the Soul is infus'd alone for the Information of *Matter*, to be an Agent in the *Mechanism* of the Body, and after a short Circulation of Actions to drop with its Tenement into Rest, or to begin a fresh Course of Motion in a new Body.

Whilst

Whilst these Men are labouring to divest themselves of the Incumbrance of *Religion*, and debase the Dignity of their Nature; there have been *Philosophers* and *Naturalists* who have endeavour'd to raise the *Animal* World to nobler Sentiments, and perswade us that Religion is to be found even among Beasts. *Xenocrates*, the *Carthaginian*, has asserted their Knowledge of a Divine Being: And *Pliny* has particularly plac'd Religion among the Moral Virtues of Elephants. They have, says he, (*what is but rarely found amongst Men*,) *Honesty*, *Prudence*, and a *Sense of Justice*: As likewise a Religion towards the Stars, and a Veneration of the Sun and Moon. A Learned Man, who has been stiled the Glory of the *Jewish* Nation, has gone further than allowing a *Rational Soul* in Brutes, for he gives them a kind of *Free-will*. It has been observ'd, that from this absurd Notion it would follow that they might be rewarded or punish'd after Death.

Several of the *Rabins* espoused this Doctrine to a Degree of Ridicule that I cannot pass over in Silence. When they were ask'd what Justice there was in the Death of Beasts, and why, (since Providence extended to all,) an innocent

Vol. III. C Rat

Rat should be pull'd to pieces by a Cat? They answer'd, *The Divine Power had order'd it so; but he would recompence that Rat in another World.* All Men of Common Sense must agree, absurd and ludicrous as the Tenet is, that, however, the *Rabbin's Rat* is in a better State than these *Pretenders to Atheism* would place themselves.

I have given my self so much Scope on this Head, that I must make the Folly of *Bigotry* the Subject of some future Paper: And I cannot close this more properly than with a Paragraph, of a piece with my Discourse, and which I have transcrib'd from my Favourite *Bruyere*.

“ I feel, *says he*, that there is a GOD,
 “ and do not feel that there is None:
 “ This suffices me, and all the Reason-
 “ ing in the World is needless to Me.
 “ I conclude from hence that he exists,
 “ and this Conclusion is in my Nature.
 “ I took up with this Principle too readily in my Childhood, and have preserved it since too naturally in my advanced Years, ever to have the least Jealousie of any False-hood in it. But there are some Men who make a Shift to get rid of this Principle: I question

“tion whether there are or no, but if
 “there be, it argues only that *there are*
 “*Monsters.*

N^o 68. *Thursday, March 28*

THAT I may not be thought of a Disposition that would entirely suppress the Aid of my *Correspondents*, or be suspected of having *None*, (tho' the *Post* and my *Publisher* might be sufficient Vouchers in this Point,) I have sav'd my self the Expence of Thinking for this Day, by giving the Publick a Letter, which, tho' the Author calls it the Product of a few *heavy* Hours, must be acknowledg'd to be wrote with an uncommon *Spirit* and *Vivacity*.

To the CENSOR.

Oxford, March 11. 1716-17.

S I R,

‘**W**Hat a late ingenious Writer has
 ‘said of *Wit*, will, I believe,
 ‘hold equally true concerning the *Po-*
 ‘*lite* Part of *Womankind*: That there is
 C 2 nothing

' nothing so much admir'd, and so little
 ' understood: There are Depths in the
 ' *Female World* which neither *Ovid* or
 ' *Cowley* could ever fathom; and, as
 ' Mr. *Boyle* says of a certain Mineral,
 ' That the most penetrating Genius may
 ' spend his whole Life in the Study of
 ' it, without arriving at a compleat
 ' Knowledge of all its Qualities; so I
 ' will venture to say of this mysterious
 ' *Microcosm* or Branch of the greater
 ' World, that it has escaped the Enqui-
 ' ries and Inspection of the most acute;
 ' and that *Thetis* is not more conceal'd
 ' in the Bottom of the Sea, than a
 ' sprightly *Venus* in an airy Cloud of
 ' her own composing.

' I was always of Opinion, that the
 ' greatest Art with our *fine Ladies*, as
 ' well as *Orators*, is to hide Art; and,
 ' I must confess, I'm not a little pleas'd
 ' to find such great Numbers putting
 ' this Art in Execution. It fares
 ' with us as it did with *Penelope's* Woers,
 ' they deceive us by unravelling in the
 ' Night what we did in the Day; they
 ' treat us like the *Eccho* in the Wood, at
 ' once flatter and fly us. I am apt to think
 ' there are not more Windings in *Rosa-*
 ' *mond's* Bow'rs, or the *Cretan* Labyrinth,
 ' than

‘ than in one of those Lady’s Bosoms,
‘ and that you may with as much Ease
‘ trace *Nile* to its Source as their Words
‘ to a Meaning. Tho’ the Stream of
‘ their Affections be strong in our Fa-
‘ vour, they can smooth it so artfully
‘ that we may say of it, as *Cæsar* does
‘ of the River *Arar*, that it cannot be
‘ perceiv’d which Way it flows. In
‘ short, They are a sort of *Hebrew* Cha-
‘ racters, which if we ever understand it
‘ must be by reading them backwards.
‘ I must, however, beg Leave to ask
‘ them, whether we don’t in this Par-
‘ ticular imitate themselves; fondly be-
‘ wilder our selves in the pleasing Maze,
‘ and admire them purely because we
‘ don’t understand them? And whether
‘ those Two Qualities do not in the
‘ Female World what *Mercury* and *Ve-*
‘ *nus* do in the Heavens, each vanish at
‘ the other’s Approach?

‘ It being the great Secret of the Fair
‘ Sex to keep us in the Dark, I am sor-
‘ ry to think that they should ever fail
‘ in this particular; I must therefore
‘ tell your Fair Readers that *Venus* her-
‘ self sprung from the wat’ry Element,
‘ and that Love, like Heat, glows the
‘ fiercer by the Antiperistasis of Cold;

' That the Spring of their Favours is
 ' never more acceptable than after a
 ' killing Frown, as the Sun's benign
 ' Rays are never more welcom than
 ' when just come from under a Cloud;
 ' That *Apollo's* Love increas'd with
 ' *Daphne's* Flight, and that their seem-
 ' ing Coyness, like the Darts of the
 ' flying *Parthians*, gives the deepest
 ' Wounds: I should tell them likewise
 ' to call to Mind the Story of *Theseus*
 ' and *Ariadne*, and leave them to apply
 ' that beautiful Line of Mr. *Waller's*:

' *Heav'n were not Heav'n, if we knew what it*
were.

' I must tell them too, that we warm
 ' Lovers cannot live in a hot Climate;
 ' and that Love, like Ice, melts when it
 ' is shone upon by too warm a Sun.

' Agreeably hereto we frequently
 ' find a transported Admirer in Court-
 ' ship not unlike an enchanted Heroe in
 ' Romance; the One is ravish'd with
 ' the Sight of beautiful Castles, Woods,
 ' and Meadows, with a confus'd Har-
 ' mony of warbling Nightingales, and
 ' purling Streams; the Other is lost and
 ' bewildered in a pleasing Delusion, his
 ' Fancy represents to him splendid Scenes
 ' of imaginary Pleasures, and visionary
 ' Beauty. But, alas! how short are
 ' those

‘ those gilded Dreams! Upon the un-
‘ fortunate finishing of some secret Spell
‘ the fantastick Scene vanishes, and the
‘ disconsolate Knight finds himself to his
‘ great Amaze on a barren Heath, or
‘ wild Defart. The Other is no less
‘ surprizingly undeceived; the Enchant-
‘ ment is broke in Enjoyment, and the
‘ charming Goddess, by a sort of *Coun-*
‘ *ter-apotheosis*, sinks immediately into a
‘ Woman: however beautiful she real-
‘ ly be, he finds that his hot Imaginati-
‘ on over-flourish’d the Object, and that
‘ the Creature he ador’d never existed
‘ but in his own Fancy.

‘ I know one of those warm *Tarquins*,
‘ who was smitten with one of the pret-
‘ tiest, but withal the most whimsical,
‘ Things in Nature. She was a lively
‘ Emblem of the Rainbow both for
‘ Beauty and Variety; but then she
‘ was such a cunning little Infidel, that
‘ at first she would not hear a Word he
‘ spoke; if he told her she was Pretty,
‘ she would cry, Pish, and tell him a
‘ Tragical Story of the Misfortune of
‘ her *Lap-Dog*. The next Moment she
‘ would ask him what he thought of
‘ the young King of *France*, and whe-
‘ ther he was not as handsome as her
‘ Cousin *Billy*. She would lead him

‘ such an airy Round, her Tongue like
‘ a pleasing murmuring Stream would
‘ serpentize so cunningly, and play in
‘ so many wanton *Mæanders*, that he
‘ was always at a Loss what to make of
‘ her. I once out of meer Curiosity
‘ accompanied my Friend in one of his
‘ Visits; during my Stay, which was
‘ about two Hours, the *Larum* never
‘ ceas’d. This little musical Instrument
‘ of hers, it signified not whether upon
‘ something or nothing, so well acted
‘ its Part, and made such an Impression
‘ upon me, that I shall always readily
‘ embrace a perpetual Motion. My
‘ Friend has told me, that she would
‘ ask him so many Trifles, that he has
‘ often been forced to stop her Mouth
‘ with a Kiss on purpose to save himself
‘ the Trouble of answering a Question,
‘ which had nothing to recommend it
‘ but the sweet Lips from which it dropt.
‘ In short, *Sir*, I cannot define her
‘ Discourse better, than by telling you
‘ it was like the Country-man’s Night-
‘ ingale, *Vox, & præterea nihil*; a plea-
‘ sing Sound, and nothing more.

‘ My Friend was however in a short
‘ time so charmed with the enchanting
‘ Nonsense of this little *Syren*, that he

‘ was

‘ was too far gone ever to hope for Reco-
‘ very; whether in Company or alone,
‘ she ingrossed his whole Thoughts,
‘ Words and Actions; He could brag
‘ with the old Sage, that he was never
‘ less alone than when alone. Her dear
‘ Resemblance was always uppermost in
‘ his Mind, he languished as much for
‘ her, and with as little Reason, as *Narcissus*
‘ for his beloved Shadow. At last,
‘ finding that all open Attempts in
‘ Courtship were in vain, and that she
‘ would not be won by being addressed
‘ in direct Love-Terms, he resolv’d to
‘ conquer her, as the *Greeks* did *Troy*, by
‘ an Artifice. Observing that she was
‘ wonderfully taken with Love-stories,
‘ he took up that ingenious Trick of
‘ skilful Fowlers, who are wont to mi-
‘ mick the Voice of the Birds they
‘ would call to the Snare; and by con-
‘ stantly attacking her with the Histories
‘ of the Loves of *Jupiter* and *Danae*,
‘ *Venus*, and *Adonis*, by reading to her
‘ the most passionate and moving Parts
‘ out of *Waller* and *Ovid*, by filling her
‘ Bosom with ten Thousand soft Names,
‘ such as Darts, Flames, Altars, and
‘ Languishings, &c. in a Word, by
‘ transforming himself into what she
‘ loved,

' loved, or into her own dear Image,
 ' he at last wound himself so far into
 ' her Affections, that the poor Crea-
 ' ture could deny him nothing: And
 ' for a Warning to all the rest of your
 ' fair Readers, I must tell them that
 ' this Friend of mine says, they are a
 ' sort of Glow-worms, or Airy Mete-
 ' ors, which shine at a Distance, but
 ' expire upon our Touch; and confes-
 ' ses that, *Ixion*-like, instead of the
 ' Goddess he enjoyed a Cloud, and that
 ' *Apollo* was not half so much mistaken,
 ' when instead of his beloved *Daphne* he
 ' embraced a Tree.

N° 69. *Saturday, March 30*

Nam primum hoc constituendum, hoc ob-
tinendum est, ut quàm optimè scribamus:
Celeritatem dabit Consuetudo. Quint.

IT is a good Principle to love to be
 out of Debt as soon as a Man can,
 for which Reason I have taken the first
 Opportunity of publishing the follow-
 ing Letter from an ingenious Corre-
 spondent,

spondent, with a few of my own Reflections upon so weighty a Subject.

S I R,

‘ A Person of your Character must
 ‘ consider Wit, Courage, Learning, and several other Qualities, (which
 ‘ the Generality of Mankind implicitly admire) as a sort of passive Qualifications only, which may be turned by
 ‘ the Possessors of them, as well to the
 ‘ Disadvantage, as the Benefit, of themselves and others. As you profess your
 ‘ Labours are design’d for the Good of
 ‘ Mankind, I believe you will not think
 ‘ them ill employ’d, in directing us to
 ‘ the right Use of these Abilities, which
 ‘ may be, in either way, of the greatest
 ‘ Consequence to Society. I think
 ‘ you may very properly begin with Literature, for whilst the Effects of it
 ‘ are so far from being the least extensive, the learned World seem to have
 ‘ a more peculiar Claim to your Endeavours; and I should be glad if the
 ‘ following way of Thinking, mixt
 ‘ with an Account of my own Method
 ‘ in Reading, would give you any Assistance in so useful a Work.

‘ We

‘ We have received an Opinion,
‘ that it is the Difference of our Ge-
‘ nius’s, which divides the learned
‘ World into Wits or Coxcombs, Pe-
‘ dants, or Men of Sense. This, if it
‘ be true, must put a Stop to all our
‘ Endeavours; for if the Stars have ab-
‘ solutely determined a Man to be a Pe-
‘ dant or a Coxcomb, the wisest thing
‘ he can do is to sit still, and submit
‘ patiently to his Destiny. But I be-
‘ lieve we shall find this Notion to be
‘ no less false than pernicious, and, up-
‘ on a nearer View, discover that it is
‘ the End we propose in Reading which
‘ first ranks us under one of these Divi-
‘ sions, whilst the Difference of our
‘ Genius’s only entitles us afterwards to
‘ a higher or lower Station in it. This
‘ Opinion will give me leave to allow,
‘ that our Parts may encline us to some
‘ particular Sort of Study; (and some-
‘ times perhaps without leaving us room
‘ for any other:) For tho’ one kind of
‘ Literature may be far more useful than
‘ another, yet we may observe some
‘ Men of Sense employed in the worst,
‘ and an Inundation of Coxcombs pur-
‘ suing the most advantageous Parts of
‘ Learning. It is not therefore the Dif-
‘ ference

‘ference of their Studies, which may
‘be the Effect of their Genius’s, but
‘the different Use they make of them,
‘which must proceed from the View
‘with which they read, that makes
‘the Coxcomb, or Wit, the Pedant,
‘or Man of Sense. When I am in this
‘way of Thinking, I have frequently
‘amused my self with dividing the Bo-
‘dy of Students into the several Classes,
‘to which their different Designs in
‘Reading must naturally lead them.
‘When Curiosity or a Desire of Know-
‘ledge only engage us in our Studies,
‘we are in a fair way of being Pedants,
‘useless Criticks, Editors, Commenta-
‘tors, or Virtuoso’s; all which, tho’
‘their different sorts of Studies may
‘seem to set them at a greater Distance,
‘are in reality very nearly related to
‘one another. The Desire of distin-
‘guishing our selves, may lead us into
‘either of the four Classes, as our Taste
‘of Applause is more or less refined:
‘But when we are engaged by the De-
‘sign of making our selves useful to
‘our Friends and Country, we are sure
‘of falling into the wisest Division, and
‘improving our Abilities to the best
‘Advantage for our selves and others.

‘ This

‘ This Design hinders me from throw-
‘ ing away my Time on impertinent
‘ Studies, and directs me to the most
‘ useful Parts of Literature, as well as to
‘ the Method of making the best Ad-
‘ vantage of them. I never shut up my
‘ Book without sitting down to consider
‘ what Improvement in Wit, Judg-
‘ ment, good Sense, or Virtue, I may
‘ draw from what I have been read-
‘ ing: And seldom conclude my Studies
‘ without bestowing half an Hour in
‘ throwing my Thoughts together on
‘ some Subject they have suggested to
‘ me, either in a serious or more divert-
‘ ing Manner; not without some distant
‘ Hopes that I may at last bring this
‘ Exercise to be an agreeable Entertain-
‘ ment to others, as well as a pleasing A-
‘ musement to my self. I look upon
‘ Composing to be one of the most ad-
‘ vantagious Improvements of my Time.
‘ I can very sensibly perceive already,
‘ that it gives me a Readiness in my
‘ Expression, as well as Method and
‘ Clearness in my way of Thinking:
‘ And tho’ I may still be very far from
‘ writing well, I shall venture to affirm,
‘ That there is a greater Distance be-
‘ tween my first and present Composi-
tions,

' tions, than there is between these last
 ' and good Writing. The Considera-
 ' tion that I have done my Part in pla-
 ' cing my self in this Division, makes
 ' me pursue my Studies with Delight,
 ' not only when the gayer side of my
 ' Temper flatters me with pleasing
 ' Hopes of raising my self to some Emi-
 ' nence among them; but also when
 ' my soberer Thoughts reduce me to a
 ' more equal Sense of my Abilities, and
 ' the Prospect of a much humbler Sta-
 ' tion. I am

Yours, A. B.

My Correspondent has laid before me
 a Subject of the greatest Importance,
 and at the same Time set it in a very
 just and uncommon Light: Were I to
 dispose of the Learned World by the
 Rule he has given me, I am afraid I
 should be oblig'd to drop most of them
 before I could come to the last and wi-
 sest Division: The numerous Volumes
 of useless Pedantick Learning, elaborate
 Trifles, and tedious senseless Harangues,
 which infest our Press and Conversation,
 would be but too plain Proofs, that no
 small Number of the Learned World
 are engag'd in their Studies only by a
 Spirit

Spirit of Curiosity, or vain Affectation of Knowledge. I could wish the Number of those were retrench'd, who propose nothing farther from their Studies than an idle Amusement; and pursue Knowledge till they lose Common Sense, or (as a very elegant Author has express'd it) *Grow dumb in the study of Eloquence.* These, as my Correspondent observes, are guilty of the highest Injustice to Society, in sacrificing their Time, Wit, and every other Ability to the selfish Pursuit of their own barren Diversion. If I was to consider the Class of the wisest Readers, I am afraid I should be able to find but too few Instances of Publick or Private Characters, where Learning is the Source of agreeable Conversation, Prudence, and a superior Capacity for Business; or where it appears in Writing without any mean Shifts to catch at the vulgar Applause, and trusts to its real Merit for the Approbation of Men of Sense and Judgment. To encrease the Numbers of those who are so great an Ornament and Benefit to Society, I shall desire all my Readers, but more especially those who are entering into the World of Literature, to consider the foregoing Scheme in a more serious manner;

ner; and take care to place themselves amongst those who improve their Studies to the best Advantage for themselves and others. I shall also advise them in particular to the Practice which my Correspondent mentions, of bestowing every Day some little Time in composing; for I entirely agree with him, that this is by far the most advantageous Part of all our Studies. The Benefit of it is not confin'd to Writing only, but extends itself, in some measure, even to the ordinary Affairs of a private Life; and appears in a very eminent degree in a more publick Station, where Readiness of Expression, and Clearness of Thought, are equally necessary and advantageous. Were I to recommend any particular kind of Writing, it should be something in the Nature of this Paper. It has been observ'd that eminent Writers in other Ways, have seldom been remarkable for their Talent of Talking, and I think this Remark may be pretty easily accounted for. The Subjects of their Writings are remote from the Occurrences of Life, and require a Style too stiff and labour'd for even the most weighty and serious Discourses: And therefore it is no Wonder if they do
not

not excel in a Way, which is so very different from that which they are pursuing. Writings of this sort are liable to none of the foregoing Exceptions. The Subject of them generally turns on the Rules of Conversation, Friendship, and the Conduct of a publick or private Life; whilst the Style is raised but very little above our ordinary Conversation. In short, Endeavours of this Nature will enable every Man to improve his Learning to the best Advantage, and make even those who have but moderate Abilities, prudent in their Conduct, agreeable to their Companions, and useful to their Friends and Country.

N^o 70. Tuesday, April 2.

*Verum Iræ, si quæ fortè eveniunt hujusmodi
Inter eos, rursum si revertum in gratiam est,
Bis tanto amici sunt inter se quam prius.*

Plaut.

OF all the Plays, either Ancient or Modern, the Tragedy of *Julius Cæsar*, written by *Shakespear*, has been held

held in the fairest Esteem and Admirati-
on. I do not reckon from the Vulgar,
tho' they, where their Passions are con-
cern'd, are certainly no ill Judges: But
from the establish'd Rules of Dramatic
Poetry, and the Opinion of the best Po-
ets. As to particular Irregularities, it is
not to be expected that a Genius like
Shakespear's should be judg'd by the
Laws of *Aristotle*, and the other Pre-
scribers to the Stage; it will be suffici-
ent to fix a Character of Excellence to
his Performances, if there are in them
a Number of beautiful Incidents, true
and exquisite Turns of Nature and Pas-
sion, fine and delicate Sentiments, un-
common Images, and great Boldnesses
of Expression.

In this Play of our Countryman's, I
think, I may affirm, tho' against the
Opinion of untasting Criticks, that all
these Beauties meet: And if I were to
examine the Whole, it would be no
great Difficulty to prove the Truth of
my Assertion. But I have singled out
only one Scene to be the Subject of my
present *Lucubration*: Omitting the in-
comparable Speeches of *Brutus* and *Mark*
Anthony, of which those of the latter
were, perhaps, never equall'd in any
Language.

Language. The Scene I have chose is the Quarrel and Reconciliation of *Brutus* and *Cassius*; and there being no better Way to shew the Excellency of it than by a Comparison with other similar celebrated Pieces, I have therefore taken that Method.

The first Scene of this kind, in point of Time, as well as Beauty, is the *Quarrel* between *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus* in the first *Iphigenia* of *Euripides*; this Scene, and that between *Amintor* and *Melantius* in *Fletcher* I shall compare together: And endeavour to shew that *Shakespear* has excelled them both. In order to this I must quote the Remark which *Mr. Dryden* makes upon these three Pieces. *The Occasion which Shakespear, Euripides, and Fletcher, have all taken is the same, grounded upon Friendship: And the Quarrel of Two virtuous Men rais'd by natural Degrees to the Extremity of Passion, is conducted in all Three to the Declination of the same Passion, and concludes with the warm renewing of their Friendships. But the particular Groundwork, which Shakespear has taken, is incomparably the best; because he has not only chosen Two of the greatest Heroes of their Age; but has likewise interested the Liberty of Rome, and their own Honour,*

Honour, who were the Redeemers of it, in the Debate. In this Reflection, Mr. *Dryden* does not seem to have fix'd upon the true Cause of the Superior Beauty in *Shakespeare*: For it is the same Thing, if they had been imaginary Persons, and the Poet had chose his Scene, and his Names, at Pleasure. *Amintor* and *Melantius*, in *Fletcher*, are a Proof that our being mov'd depends more on the Poet's touching our Passions nicely, than our being acquainted with their Persons as they are recorded in History. It signifies nothing where a Man was born, or who he is, the thing that touches depends upon the Character that the Poet gives of him at first, and his Name has no more Relation to the *Idea*, than that the Audience know him by that Distinction. If the Spring of our Passions arose from what Mr. *Dryden* mentions, we should neither be exalted nor depressed at many Scenes, founded merely on the Imagination of the Writer, either in our Author or others. We will suppose, for Instance, that there never was any such Person as *Cato*; yet if any Author, like Mr. *Addison*, should form to himself a Character of a great Man full of his Country, struggling for Liberty
against

against the Tide of Ambition; and make him speak and act up to these Sentiments as He has done, 'tis no matter what Name he gave him, whether that of *Cato*, or any other.

But I must confine my self to the Subject I propos'd. The Ground of the Dispute in *Euripides* is this; *Agamemnon*, who, with the Confederate Princes of *Greece*, had begun a War to revenge his Brother *Menelaus*, and redeem his Wife, waits for a fair Wind at *Aulis*; and is told by the Augurs, that he must obtain it by the Sacrifice of his Daughter *Iphigenia*, which alone can appease the Resentments of *Diana*; *Agamemnon* generously consents to deliver her up to so great a Motive as the Vindication of his Brother's Honour; and sends for *Iphigenia*, from her Mother, on a Pretence of matching her with *Achilles*. But soon after the Father takes Place in his Soul, and he sends privately to countermand the Arrival of *Iphigenia*. *Menelaus* intercepts his Packet, and reads it; upon which the other charges him with Boldness, as being his Superior: He replies in the Language of an Equal mix'd with Threatnings; the Quarrel warms, till a Messenger comes to tell *Agamemnon* of
the

the Arrival of his Daughter; and he then resumes his Design of Sacrificing her, which his Brother as passionately contradicts, as he before promoted. The Scene indeed is very pathetically work'd, the general good of our Country, and the natural Love of our Children, are the main Topicks which the Discourse turns on: and the Passions on each Side sink by soft Degrees.

In *Fletcher*, the two Friends *Melantius* and *Amintor* grow warm hastily, are reconcil'd soon again, but when a Method is propos'd to ease them by Revenge of an Injury to both their Honours, they quarrel anew, and cannot be said to be justly reconcil'd, because the Business, on which the Dispute happen'd, is entirely left in the Hands of *Melantius*. Honour and Friendship, the Violation of each, and the Desire of recementing them are the Topicks of this Action; the Passions are strong and vehement, but conducted more according to the luxuriant Fancy of the Poet than any Standard in Nature.

In *Shakespear*, there is a Beauty which is not in any of the Others from the Original of the Quarrel, which is, that Two Wise Men commence a Dispute
about

about a Trifle: And in the Sequel of it a great many severe Truths, which they never intended to tell one another, are naturally introduc'd from the violent Working of their Passions. It may be objected, that this is not a proper Ground for Men of their Characters to proceed to such indiscreet Violences: But what avail Objections when we see it every Day in Life; and know what Lengths Warmth of Temper will carry the best of us all to? *Cassius*, unknowing of the Occasion that the calm *Brutus* had to stir his Nature, enters in a Heat, is receiv'd with a noble Resentment, which is work'd mutually to a height by Aggravations easie and natural; till the Provoker submits, the Provok'd forgives, and each fondly excuse the Other of his Rashness. But there is another Beauty in *Shakespear's* Reconciliation, which is, that the Cause of *Brutus's* giving way to his Choler, does not appear till after they are reconcil'd: to which *Shakespear* gives the most excellent Turn imaginable: For after they are cool enough to enquire into the Cause of each other's Resentments, *Cassius* begins thus;

Caf

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Brut. O Cassius, I am sick of many Grievs.

Cas. Of your Philosophy you make no Use, If you give place to accidental Evils.

Brut. No Man bears Sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha!—Portia?—

Brut. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?

I hope I have satisfied all my Readers, excepting *Furius*, of the Truth of what I asserted: And even he ought to thank me, for I have hereby given him the Opportunity of writing *Twelve-penny worth of Criticism* towards his Support. As for my other Readers, I dare say I can't recommend my self better to them than by telling them, that this excellent Play is to be acted on *Thursday* next for the *Benefit* of *Mr. Leveridge*; As he has shewn his good Sense by his Choice, I shall think but meanly of the Taste of the Town, if *Shakespear* is not honour'd with their Company, and he rewarded by a full Audience.

N^o 71. *Thursday, April 4.*

*Ubi quæram? ubi investigem? quem perconter?
quam infistam Viam?* Ter.

IN the Circulations that I so constantly renew about this populous Town, I meet with a Word almost in every Body's Mouth, and yet, I fear, but very little understood, and that is *Merit*. The many Constructions to which this little Terme is by Custom applied, has very near confounded my Notions of it, and made me at a Loss to determine with my self in what it can consist. I have heard it a thousand Times usurp the Place of *Beauty*, and as often used for *Skill* in any Science; I have known it supply the *Idea* of *Learning* in Conversation, and sometimes appropriated to the expressing of *Modesty*, or good *Sense*.

I have somewhere read that in the *Chinese* Language a single *Monosyllable*, by the Difference of Accenting and Pronunciation, serves to explain Twenty several Things; and so amongst Us this
compre-

comprehensive *Diffyllable*, without any Alteration either in its *Orthography* or our *Emphasis*, takes in as many differing Significations. In the describing of Persons, or Confession of their Characters, it is become of general Use; and is reckon'd as Synonomous, in our Way of Talk, as any other Term which has the nearest Relation to the Thing we are speaking of. If a *Spark*, in the Raptures of his Imagination, attempts to set out the *Beauties* of his Mistress, and confines himself to that Theme alone, he cannot conclude the summing up her Charms without protesting, that *she is a Lady of infinite Merit*. The Lawyer who should talk of *Right* and *Wrong*, tells the Judge that his Client has *a deal of Merit* in his Cause; and even the Mechanick's Art is generally extoll'd by the *Merit* that he has in his way of *Working*. I could as easily demonstrate, were it to the Purpose, that it stands for *Riches, Capacity, Devotion, Power*, and a Number of Words as different in their Meaning, as their Sound or Derivation.

It may seem strange now that a Thing which we so much talk of, and that supplies so many several *Ideas*, should be in reality but rarely found, and more

rarely allowed in any Object. To take it in its most literal Signification, we would imply by it that such, or such a One, for some particular Talents, deserves so, and so: But even where this Due of Praise, or rather Acknowledgement, is most expected, we find the Character end in *very little* or *no Merit*. Envy, which is Emulation in the worst Light, intercepts this just Contribution to Desert; so that, from the Ingratitude of the World, we may form this Paradox, That *a Man may have much Excellence, but no Merit*. On the other hand, Interest and Flattery have such a Sway with Us, that we turn the Perspective, and can find out *much Merit*, where there is *no Excellence*. I cannot be thought too Satyrical in saying, that the Deference paid to a large Estate, a Coach and Six, and an Accumulation of Titles, is very often a Proof of this Assertion: Frugality, Contenance, and Honesty in Men of the Middle Rank may be perhaps commended, but seldom any Merit is allowed them for these Virtues: And it is said in Derogation, that Circumstances, Duty, or Fear of doing otherwise, enforced them to the Practice.

The

The Prejudices and Prepossessions by which we so partially bestow the Title of Merit, bring back to my Mind a Description of Humour that I have formerly read upon this Subject, which I believe cannot fail of entertaining my Readers. A *Persian* Philosopher made the Tour of *Europe* for the Improvement of his Knowledge; and meeting with Things strange to his *Oriental* Breeding, sends, from what Country it is not said, the following Account to his Friend *Haly Ismaël*.

‘ I have observ’d many Things very
‘ singular here, but have more especially
‘ remark’d on what they call *Merit*. Their
‘ *Idea* of it is very particular, and we have
‘ nothing that comes near it; as I continually heard this Word pronounc’d
‘ with Respect, I conceiv’d it must either
‘ be a wonderful Thing, or a Deity: And
‘ it is indeed one of their Deities, to which
‘ the *Christians* offer a great Share of their
‘ Adorations. You must know, *Haly*,
‘ that this *Merit* never takes up its Lodg-
‘ ing among the Poor; but where there
‘ is most Grandeur, its Influence is great-
‘ est. You may see among certain of their
‘ Poor, something like Virtue, or so,
‘ which gives Suspicion of its dwelling

‘ with them : As, on the contrary, among
‘ certain of their Rich, there are Symp-
‘ toms which should make you doubtful
‘ of its Presence. However, *Merit* never
‘ quarters with the first, but is infallibly
‘ found among the latter.

‘ I desir’d my Guide to lead me to one
‘ of those Palaces, where *Merit* had its
‘ particular Residence. I was presently
‘ carr’d thro’ a spacious Portico, support-
‘ ed by magnificent Pillars : I was led on
‘ thro’ several Turnings, at which I met
‘ every Moment something Grand, which
‘ inspired me altogether with Fear and
‘ Reverence : I came at last, by the Di-
‘ rection of my Guide, to the inner Ap-
‘ partment of the Temple. A profound
‘ Silence reign’d all about, and I conclu-
‘ ded with Reason that it was the Time
‘ at which the *Christians* put up their O-
‘ raisons to this *Deity*. I was extremely
‘ surpriz’d to see that this Divinity was
‘ but a Man seated in a great Elbow-Chair,
‘ much larger than was necessary for an
‘ Ordinary Man, but such as fitted a Per-
‘ son *Deified*, who should be at Ease, and
‘ in no wise embarrass’d. I observ’d that
‘ he had a Liberty of varying his Behavi-
‘ our : Sometimes he affected a mighty
‘ Air of Gravity, sometimes seem’d to be
‘ chagrin

‘ chagrin and melancholy. The Wor-
 ‘ shippers, that presented themselves, were
 ‘ oblig’d to pay their Adoration by an ob-
 ‘ sequious bending of their Bodies, appoa-
 ‘ ching with bare Heads, and likewise re-
 ‘ peating by Heart certain Wishes which
 ‘ they made to the God *Merit*. He fre-
 ‘ quently answer’d their Petitions by Signs,
 ‘ continuing to be silent; and every one
 ‘ from his Silence interpreted something
 ‘ either favourable, or disadvantageous, to
 ‘ himself.

‘ I impatiently expected when their
 ‘ Devotions would end, when another
 ‘ humane Figure, fantastically dress’d, and
 ‘ in as many Colours as the Rainbow, ad-
 ‘ vancing with Respect, and making the
 ‘ *Devotees* give back, whisper’d something
 ‘ in the Ear of the God *Merit*. What
 ‘ I particularly mark’d here, was that all
 ‘ the Worshipers had a most profound
 ‘ Respect for this motley Figure. The
 ‘ Disproportion between this Object and
 ‘ the God, in respect to his Dress and
 ‘ Manners, held me some Time in Su-
 ‘ spence; I concluded however that it
 ‘ must be one of the *Priests*; till my
 ‘ Guide inform’d me that it was one of
 ‘ the *Officers* of the Temple, who often
 ‘ rise to such a Pitch of Power, *that they*

‘ *themselves are deified.* The God *Merit*
‘ arising oblig’d his Worshipers to shew
‘ divers odd Postures, but all with the
‘ profoundest Respect. He pass’d thro’
‘ ‘em into another Apartment, where
‘ there was a fresh Set of Worshipers but
‘ of a different Stamp. Here they had a
‘ Concert of Instruments, which I con-
‘ cluded was some Piece of Musick in
‘ Honour of the God. I was much a-
‘ stonish’d when I saw the God *Merit*,
‘ who was before so grave, serious, and
‘ reserv’d, go and place himself at one
‘ End of the Room, and together with a
‘ Woman, whom I took to be a God-
‘ dess, march to the other End in a new
‘ manner, make a sort of regular Move-
‘ ment, caper, and sink, and turn and re-
‘ turn, all to the Sound of the Instru-
‘ ments. This Novelty, you must guess,
‘ strangely affected me; and I was inrag’d
‘ to find that a part of the Infidels gave
‘ their Applause to these frantick ‘ Tran-
‘ sports.

‘ I now began to suspect that their God
‘ *Merit* was an extravagant and weak Dei-
‘ ty, and that it was to *his Riches*, not
‘ *personal Excellence*, they paid their Ado-
‘ rations. To {conclude, I judg’d the
‘ Society so impure, that in my Return

to

‘ to my Lodgings, I wash’d and purified.
 ‘ according to the Rites of our own Re-
 ‘ ligion. I made this Resolution, never
 ‘ to appear again at any Superstitions of
 ‘ the Christians, *since they presum’d to a-*
 ‘ *dore humane Folly in an Object ridiculous,*
 ‘ *and sometimes flagitious; yet all under the*
 ‘ *specious Title of Merit.*

N^o 72. *Saturday, April 6.*

—Pudet *hæc* Opprobria nobis
 Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.
Ovid.

I Hope it will not be expected from
 I the rough Notions the Ignorant may
 form of my Character, that I am in-
 sensible of the Charms of the most
 beautiful part of the Creation, or can
 deny to answer any Request from a
 Lady’s Hand, if I can but *read her Let-*
ter. Tho’ my Passions are under the
 severe Corrections of Reason, and my
 Years are turn’d of that Date when
Love and the *Small-Pox* are most whole-
 some and most natural; yet I frankly

D 5

own,

own, I can look at a fair Face with Admiration, and commend it without the Hope or Desire of pleasing the Object of my Praises. Beauty join'd with Innocence, and such should every fine Woman be thought whom we do not know, gives a guiltless glowing to my Heart, recovers the Remembrance of those Days when my Tongue overflow'd with passionate Address, and when that ceas'd, my Eyes and trembling Joints spoke for me to the adored *Miranda*: Then graver Reflections succeed, and I begin to examine by what secret Spring the Charms of an exquisite Form work upon the Soul, where is that imperceptible Line which reaches from the Eye of the Charmer to the Heart of the Lover, and what can be the Cause of all that Bitter or Sweet which at one Season of our Life makes us either Happy or Miserable. While I am thus engag'd I cannot help thinking of that Part of our Sex, who are the avow'd Enemies to every thing in Petticoats, who account it a Piece of Gallantry to condemn the Fair Sex by Wholesale, and, like *Atheists*, not content with dissenting from positive Demonstration, try to make Converts to their impious Opinions.

Opinions. I know from my own Experience that there are a great many of these rough Gentlemen studied *Hypocrites*, and as a famous *Stoic* in a racking Fit of the *Gout*, after he had bit his Lips a long time, could not help at last crying out, *Pain, do thy worst; I will not confess thee to be an Evil*; so this stubborn Class of Philosophers, in the midst of their proud Agonies, and the Swellings of a spiteful Heart, that pretends to hate the Object it loves, are reduced to a similar Cant of, *Woman, do thy worst, I will never own thee to be a Good*. It would be but a just Punishment if all the *Woman-haters* were forced to this Rack, to extort a Confession; and I am now thinking of a Method to put in Execution, by which, I hope, to diminish the Number of Infidels in this Land.

But, alas! it must be own'd, that there are some real, perswaded, practical Foes of the Fair, who set down, as was said of *Cæsar* in another Case, seriously and soberly to consider of Ways and Means to overturn the lawful Empire they have over our Hearts. Some Doctors in this impious School who have had, as such a thing may sometimes happen, bad Wives, have beat their
 Brains

Brains in their Studies to prove that *Women have no Souls*: Which silly Doctrine, if we suppose it true, makes against them, since then they ought not to complain of them, because they are necessary Agents, or mere Machines, and so could not help being Domestick Persecutors. Others have treated them as if they had no *Bodies*, and so between both, we are to be perswaded out of our Senses, and look upon them only as ideal Beings, which have no Foundation in Nature. These Wretches I would advise the Ladies to use, as Mr. *Bays's Thunder and Lightning* do his Audience in the *Rehearsal*; those of a more bold Tone and portly Appearance may take the *Part of Thunder*; the Beauties of a shriller Accent and brighter Mein may play upon them in *Lightning*.

Besides these dull, proving, phlegmatic Blockheads, there is another Set of People of a more spirituous Turn, who have been intollerably guilty of abusing the Ladies to their Faces. These are the Poets, who of all Mankind have the least Reason, the best part of their Wit being owing to their Inspiration, but who have used it like some base Borrowers of Money in Suits against the generous

generous Lender. A Female Correspondent has drawn up the Charge against them, and brought the Offenders to the Bar with such a brisk Accusation, that I cannot help inserting her Letter.

Venerable Sir,

‘ **O**F the many Enormities the Theatre
 ‘ is guilty, I am sure the scandalous
 ‘ Reflections it is everlastingly making
 ‘ on the Women is none of the least.
 ‘ I must therefore recommend it to you,
 ‘ to make your first Attack on that Quarter.
 ‘ The Plots of almost all your celebrated Pieces
 ‘ are built upon *Woman’s* Falseness, Cruelty,
 ‘ or Impudence. If you find in any of them
 ‘ an abandoned Character, to be sure a
 ‘ *Woman* bears it. If an execrable Action
 ‘ depends upon it, a *Woman* is either the
 ‘ Author of it, or the Instrument. *Intolerable Partiality!*
 ‘ *Woman* is, I allow, the weaker Vessel, but
 ‘ does it therefore follow she is the Villain?
 ‘ Certainly, No: *Our Sex* can boast of as many
 ‘ *Heroines* as *Yours* can *Heroes*.

‘ Your Authors that are best acquainted with the
 ‘ Taste of an Audience, always take care to treat them at the
 ‘ Expence

Expence of the Ladies; To prove
this; I only submit the following Cit-
ations to your Consideration.

———— a Woman,
*Made from the Dross, and Refuse of a
Man;*
*Heaven took him sleeping, when he made
Her too,*
*Had Man been waking he had ne'er con-
sented.* Spanish Fryar.

———— Henceforth not name a Woman,
'Tis Treason to my Ear——They are
The Bane of Empire, and the Rot of Power,
The Cause of all our Murders, Mischiefs,
Massacres.
*Woman that damns us all to One sure
Grave,*
And faster damns, than Providence can save.
Constantine.

O Woman! Woman! Woman! *all the
Gods*
Have not such Power of doing Good to Men,
As you of doing Harm.————
Love for Love.

*I'd leave the World for him that hates a
Woman;*

*Woman the Fountain of all human Frailty.
What mighty Ills have not been done by
Woman?*

*Who was't betray'd the Capitol? — a
Woman!*

*Who was the Cause of a long ten Years War,
And laid at last old Troy in Ashes? —
Woman!*

*Who lost Mark Anthony the World? —
a Woman!*

*Destructive, damnable, deceitful Woman!
Orphan.*

' I could give Ten Thousand Instances,
' but here are enough to convince
' you with what Barbarity and Insolence
' the Writers for the Stage treat our
' Sex. If you will be a Means to correct
' this Indecency, you will deserve
' well at all our Hands, but particularly
' at those of

Your Admirer

SOPHONISBA.

To speak impartially, the Complaint
of *Sophonisba* is but too just, our Poets
conti-

continually running riot upon this their darling Theme, without either Reason or Humanity. One would naturally suspect, that Disappointment and ill Success were at the Bottom of this Treatment, but then how bloody is it to take a Revenge upon the whole Sex, and fling Firebrands and Arrows blindly, and without Distinction, for the poor Pécadillo of a fanciful Frown, or a mortifying Repartee? This Wit surely has a very near relation to Madness. It is as if a Warriour should lay Waste a fair City, for an Affront from One, perhaps, the meanest Person within its Walls. And then again the Breach of Civility is so flagrant, that nothing can excuse it, and surely he must have a very odd sort of Modesty, who utters the bitterest Invectives upon the Sex, to the *Face of a Hundred Ladies together*, which he would blush to do in the Presence of *one alone*. Besides, the Male Part of the Audience are commonly as inexcusable as the Poet himself, for they seldom miss testifying their Approbation of his Insolence by a *Thunder-Clap* of Applause.

The best Advice I can give in this Case, is, that the Ladies have a particular View to their pretended Admirers, at
the

the Repetition of Passages of this Nature. Let them calculate by their Behaviour then, what their Opinion is of the Sex in General, and if they strike in with the vicious Taste of the Audience, let them be from that Minute discarded. This is the way to mortify their Pride, and reduce their Vanity to a more humble Temper. For my self, I am resolved to enter the Lists in their behalf, and do hereby profess my self their Champion upon more just Grounds, than ever a *Knight Errant* did in their Service.

N^o 73. *Tuesday, April 9.*

Imagines Cornelii Nepotis, & Titi Cassii tibi exscribendas, pingendasq; delegi. Quam curam tibi potissimum injungo: quia tibi Studiorum summa Reverentia, Summus Amor Studioforum; & quod Patriam tuam, omnesq; qui Nomen ejus auxerunt, ut Patriam ipsam veneraris & diligis. Plin. Epist.

NOvelty in whatsoever Dress it appears is ever grateful to the World,
it

it is indeed so sure of pleasing, that it often does so where it should not, and recommends Vice it self to something like an Approbation: We see that the very Person defrauded cannot help commending the clean Address, or new Turn of Ingenuity, which an arch Rogue has made use of to his Damage. But when Novelty appears to bespeak our Favour in the Operations of a fine Mind, or a masterly Hand, we give into it with Pleasure, our Applause flows free, and unextorted, and we are proud to be either transported Hearers, or admiring Spectators. It cannot but happen that in a Nation naturally fruitful of ingenious Spirits, and in a City which is the publick Mart of the World, something of this Kind should continually arise, for the improving our Understandings, or the amusing of our Senses. All Foreigners know this so very well, that nothing curious is produced in any Country under the Sun, but it soon travels to *Great Britain*; as being the Place where Novelty is most encouraged, and Invention bears the greatest Price. Is there a Library of Value, or a Collection of Rarities to be sold in any Part of *Europe*, wherein an *Englishman* is not the chiefest Purcha-

Purchaser? Have we not spoiled *Italy* of its exquisite *Statues*, and finest *Pictures*, *China* of its delicate *Clay*, and every other Country of something, which either from Nature, or the Fancies of Men, is held in uncommon Admiration? Nay, have not the Publick Decrees of our *Senate* offered larger Rewards to the Discoverers of useful Sciences, than ever *Greece* or *Rome* of old, or any of our present Rival Neighbours, had the Spirit to promise the Contenders for Glory? In This our Country is highly to be commended, and if we could be but a little kinder to our selves, in preferring the Work of our Natives to others, and scattering our Rewards at Home something more equally, we should still merit a nobler Degree of Praise.

In this Road of thinking was I going on, when my *Printer* came sweating in haste to me with a Letter, which he said he was order'd to deliver to me with great Speed, and which requir'd an immediate Answer. After thrice looking on his Face, and weighing the Importance of the Business by the serious Turn of his Muscles, I opened the Letter, and read as follows:

S I R,

S I R,

I Hope you will do me the same
‘ Honour your worthy Predecessor,
‘ the Ingenious Mr. *Bickerstaff*, did Mr.
‘ *Dogget* some Years since, I mean, to
‘ grace me with your Presence at the
‘ Theatre in little *Lincolns Inn Fields*, on
‘ *Thursday* the 11th of this Instant; to
‘ see the Dramatick Opera called the
‘ *Prophetess*, or the *History of Dioclesian*,
‘ which will be acted that Night for
‘ my Benefit. If you shall be pleased to
‘ honour me so far, I will keep one of
‘ the Stage-Boxes for you, and your
‘ Friends; and to heighten your Enter-
‘ tainment, the Front of the Gallery
‘ will be that Night adorned with the
‘ *Original Pictures* of those Poets, who
‘ have been most excellent in the Dra-
‘ matick Way; as, *Shakespear*, *Ben.*
‘ *Johnson*, *Fletcher*, *Sir John Suckling*,
‘ and Mr. *Dryden*. Beside these, there
‘ will be a fine Piece of our *English Or-*
‘ *pheus*, the late Mr. *Henry Purcell*, who
‘ composed the Musick of this, and se-
‘ veral other *Dramatic Opera's*; A Friend
‘ of Mine will oblige me with a new
‘ Prologue on this Occasion, and I have
‘ nothing more to wish than your Pre-
‘ sence

‘ sence, to compleat the Satisfaction of
‘ the Audience, and that of

Your constant Reader and Admirer,

BEN. HUSBAND.

When I had read this Epistle, I could not but smile at the *respectful Spaces* the honest Man had left between, *Sir*, and the Beginning of his Letter; and the End of it, and his own Name. This indeed is a good Snare enough for a Lover to catch a young Girl in, and I remember, when I was a Youth, I always used it to my Mistress, and my Grandmother. But we Philosophers regard the Substance of things, not the Show, and indeed I am not a little pleased with the Decorations *Ben* has chosen for the Scene. It must give a fine rational Pleasure to the Minds of a well turned Audience, to behold, instead of a trivial Landshape of a Solitary Tower, or a waving Grove, all that can be preserv’d of the Images of our Fathers in Poetry. While they trace the Lineaments and Features of this glorious Assembly, forming to themselves the Ideas, of how they look’d, mov’d, spoke,
wrote;

wrote; their Hearts should be inspir'd with such Sentiments of Delight and Wonder, as fill'd the Breast of *Æneas* in the Shades, when he saw the Images of the great Heroes and Captains who trod before him in the Paths of Fame; *Mighty Souls*, as *Virgil* says, and *born in better Days*. The Poets, methinks, should look on *Shakespear* with a Religious Awe and Veneration, and behold him with the same Eye *Mr. Dryden* did, in that incomparable Poem to *Sir Godfrey Kneller*, where he says,

*Shakespear, thy Gift, I place before my
Sight,
And ask his Blessing e'er I dare to write.*

Or, to go more backward, they may consider him in the View that *Horace* places *Pindar*, as an inimitable Original whose Flights are not to be reach'd by the weak Wings of his Followers; and say as *Dr. Donne* does by a Friend of his.

*Who have before, or shall write after thee,
Their Works, tho' toughly labour'd, will be
Like Infancy or Age, to Man's firm Stay;
Or early, or late Twilights, to Mid-day.
And*

And indeed there is not a greater Difference between the Flower of our Years, and the Beginning and Decline of them, than there is between *Shakespeare*, and all other *English Poets*.

In *Ben. Johnson*, let them imagine to themselves the Picture of hard Sweat, Industry, and Study, creeping slowly after the boundless Leaps of Genius and Fancy, and painfully collecting from Art what Nature had denied; while *Fletcher* starts from behind like a younger Brother of a Wealthy Family bless'd with a large Fortune, still encreasing his Stock, and gathering more, but never able to rise to the Riches of the Patrimonial Estate. In *Sir John Suckling* let them see something of all these mix'd; and *Mr. Dryden* and *Purcell* are so lately withdrawn from our Eyes, that it is enough only to mention them to raise in us a thankful Veneration to their Memory.

Another Use, I think, may be properly made of the exhibiting these Pictures, and that is, that the Sight of these Great Men ought to strike our modern *Dramatists* with Shame, those unjust Robbers, who plunder their Graves, and murder their Memories.

Be

Be then the soft Rhimers and Turners
 of Verse confounded at the Presence of
Dryden, who imitate the Music of his
 Numbers only as Monkeys do the Actions
 of Men by making them ridiculous!
 To these, when they boast of the Chiefs
 in Poetry, without resembling them in
 any one Excellence, let me apply that
 of *Juvenal*, to the Vaunters of their
 illustrious Lineage, and Exposers of their
 Statues.

*Vain are their Hopes, who fancy to inherit,
 By Trees of Pedigrees, or Fame, or Merit;
 Tho' plodding Heralds thro' each Branch
 may trace
 Old Captains and Dictators of their Race,
 While their ill Lives that Family belye,
 And grieve the Brass which stands disho-
 nour'd by.*

The mention of these Great Names,
 my Reader sees, has carried me in a
 sort of Rapture, to pay some Tribute to
 their Ashes, forgetting *Ben. Husband*,
 who was the Occasion of it. But I now
 return an Answer to his Letter; —

Mr.

Mr. Husband,

I Will certainly come to your Play on Thursday next, and therefore take care to keep a Box for me. I shall enter in a plain Habit, becoming the Gravity of my Office, at the Beginning of the Second Act; and pray let it be your Province, to see that nothing be done in the House to provoke the Correction of

Yours, The CENSOR.

N^o 74. Thursday, April 11.

——— Hic Onus Horret

*Ut parvis Animis, & parvo corpore majus;
Hic subit, & perfert; aut Virtus Nomen inane est,
Aut Decus & Pretium rectè petit Experiens Vir.*
Hor.

WHEN the Poets and the Philosophers rail at Greatness, and grow eloquent in describing the Miseries and Dangers of a high Station, they speak with such Warmth, that an unexperienc'd Mind would really believe them so much in earnest, that no Allurements could tempt them from their beloved

Solitude into the Fatigue of a Publick Character. But we well know that, in most of these Declaimers, their fine Sayings are rather the Inventions of the Head than the Dictates of the Heart, and, at best, carry with them more Grimace than Truth: He who curses Business, longing at the same time to make a Figure in it; and he who despises a *Court-Life*, wishing from the Bottom of his Heart to shine in the Assemblies of *the gay Circles*, or *the grave Advisers*. However, we will for once suppose that their Contempt is sincere, their Language the Effect of their real Sentiments, and, by consequence, that there is not an Object under the Sun more disagreeable to them than that of the *Man* who toils under the Burthen of State-Affairs, whose Thoughts and Time are engross'd in the Discharge of the Duty of some important Office, for which he is fitted both by Genius and by Practice: This *Man*, I say, shall be that *Character* which *they would not be*, and cannot help Declaiming against.

But what Reasons can the Gentlemen of this Turn of Mind give for their very liberal Contempt of such a *Minister*? They may be reduc'd to Three, the necessary

cessary *Fatigues* of their Duty, the *Hazard* of their pleasing, the *Uncertainty* of their Station.

Well then; because these Inconveniences attend the Great Man, must therefore the Wheel of Government stand still for Want of proper Hands to turn it in a due Regularity? Are they themselves contentedly happy to stand at a distance from the Scenes of Action, reaping the Fruits of Peace and Plenty, and must no one stir in the Field of Business, none sow the Seeds of that Happiness they love to enjoy? How will even their own darling Tranquility be secur'd, unless some active Power was employ'd in quieting the rising Storms of turbulent Spirits, and breaking the Beginnings of those Disorders which they perhaps never knew or heard of? If the Spirit of *Discord*, that now hides itself in dark Places, and the Corners of Traiterous Hearts and unquiet Heads, were to be sent forth in all its revengeful Fury, vexing and tearing in every Path where it walked, (and it would walk in every Path) what would these calm *Sons of Indolence* say of the great *Minister*, whose Vigilance should have restrain'd and stifled it in its Infancy? Would they not cry, He slumber'd

ber'd with Design, and slept only that the envious Wretch might arise and sow the Seeds of Discontent among the Multitude? What bitter Vows, what heavy Curses would they pour on the Head of him, whom they have not now the Gratitude to thank, for keeping off the consuming *Sword* of the *Destroyer*, and the hasty *Hand* of the *Plunderer*?

But now to their Reasons: The *Fatigues* of their Duty is one Cause why these Men neither like them, nor their Duty. Now the Man in a Publick Character feeling a generous Concern for his Country, and his Inclinations strong for its Service, regardless of the Difficulty that waits on his Post, sacrifices all lesser Cares to this important View, all his Powers of Mind and Body are interested and engag'd for that alone. What should a Virtuous Mind do in return for this, but breath out all its kindest Wishes for his Success, and bless him in private, whose Life is spent in gathering Blessings for the Publick? Instead of this Conduct, they who are no Sharers in the Trouble, catch at every Occasion of being busy with his Fame, and soiling his Character. While he is striving to make the Current clear, they are employ'd in ruffling

ruffling the Surface, and muddying that Stream which is the common Care of all. Is the loss of Time, the necessary Recreations and Pleasures of Life, nay, even of *Health* itself, to be return'd with the Scorn of the Indolent, or the Rail- ing of the Intemperate, and perhaps all his Pains charg'd with base, unworthy Ends, and imaginary Crimes?

Their next Reason is: The *Hazard of pleasing*. This indeed is a Plea to mean and daftardly Spirits to decline the Road of Business and Honour. The Brave Mind is above it, that Difficulty only serving to arm it with a firmer Resoluti- on to undertake the Task, and leave the *Doubtfulness of Pleasing* to the Event of its Services. It must be own'd that in many Countries this is a startling Consi- deration, where Applause depends more on Humour and Passion, than the Con- viction of Facts, and the apparent Good of the Generality. We know that there is a *Nation* so wavering in its Principles, that *Prayers* and *Curses* for one Person have proceeded from the same Mouth in the same Day, and *Honour* and *Disgrace* chang'd hands in the Course of a few Minutes. This is the Shame of the weak Reasoners, and the hasty Believers, not

of the Object they are concerned about, He may still proceed in the same honest Tract he first set out in, and *They*, not *He*, be *changed*. But suppose the Displeasure is sure, yet must Integrity sacrifice to Humour and Popularity, and either lead or be led into every Extravagancy of a bold *Competitor*, or every Whimsy of a *fluctuating Multitude*? Not to please in such Circumstances, is to deserve best, and the only Hazard lies between Conscience, and the Desire of Power, and the last when it cannot be retain'd with the other, is nobly discarded to preserve it.

For the *Uncertainty* of their *Station*, tho' it be a Circumstance to be lamented, yet it is not one to be feared by a generous *Patriot*. The Point is to do good, and promote the best Means to that glorious End, and it does not enter into the Merits of the Actor, whether the Space that he moves in be scanty or wide, whether he continues long, or but a little while in Office. Those wise Heads which pretend to moralize on these Occasions, framing to themselves imaginary Schemes of Disgrace and Ruin, while they contain themselves within Bounds, and launch not out into Particulars,

culars, are safe in their old Sayings; and threadbare Maxims. They might indeed as well tell us, that one Generation must die, and another succeed, that there will be Changes in the Course of the World, and such other venerable Truths. But they should consider that when they predict Certainties in their Political Schemes to any Individual, tho' their Thoughts are Chimerical, yet they are really injurious to the Person, as putting *Fools* upon surmising Reasons to themselves, and inventing Tales of Infamy, and cooling in others that brisk Sincerity, which they used to exert in the Defence of Honour and Integrity. It is not the first time that a groundless Report has spread and influenc'd so far, that it became a general Expectation in every Class of People, that a particular Officer was to be removed; and that very Expectation without any other Reason has sometimes made it necessary to remove him. This Uncertainty then arises not from the Station it self, since a Man may have the Happiness of always pleasing his Master, and always deserve to please him, and at the same time be the Object of the Defamation and the Aversion of others, who are no Judges of his Conduct.

E 4

duct. But, Heaven be thanked! we at present have the least Reason of any Nation to suspect a Fickleness in the Management of our Superiours; those Symptoms of a weak Mind, which were too *Hereditary* in our Government, are now worn out, and supplied by a more steady Scheme of Principles.

If I have not now said enough to quiet the troublesome Workings of Projecting Heads, yet I hope my Endeavours may something allay that Malignity of Tongue, which spreads its Poison in every Quarter, to the Infection of the well-meaning, and the certain ill-natured Pleasure of the Factious and Designing. This I can assure them, that their Patrons by all their fine Speeches and noisic Eloquence mean nothing else but the Want of Power, the Possession of which would turn the Stream of their Discourse, or leave them *dumbly contented*. I remember my self, a famous *Demagogue* in the *two* late *Reigns*, who had an excellent Talent at railing himself into *Preferment*, but who was no sooner warm in it, but an insuperable Spirit of Contradiction flung him out again. When he was in the latter Condition, he employed his Time in collecting smart occasional

and cling so close, that it is seldom laid aside but with Mortality it self. In our Youth, this natural Frailty lays hold of us, by representing to us how well we are turned for the gay Scenes of Life, gives us an amiable Picture of our selves, and makes us fall in with any thing that is offer'd in Compliment to our Person, or our Parts. Years and Experience, which one would be apt to think were better Teachers, and able to wear out the little Spots and Blemishes that clouded our younger Days, only supply us with a different Set of Vanities, which seem as ridiculous to the Youthful Part of the World, as theirs do to the Grey, and Graver Heads. So that it only amounts to this, that we laugh, and are laughed at in our Turns; and the best we can say, is, that there are certain Stages of our Lives, that as naturally produce their distinct Infirmities, as the Earth does Flowers and Fruits at proper Seasons, only some are more short-lived, and others of a more durable Quality, and Nature.

Should I pretend to exempt my self from the general Weakness of my Fellow-Creatures, I must assume a Superior Title to that of *Censor*; and should
be

be but ill qualified even for that I act in; if I had not experienced in my self many of those *Foibles* I am endeavouring to correct in Others. But tho' I have by long Study, and a severe Course of Philosophy, got the better of those Passions which usually carry a high Hand over our Reason, and are most uneasy to our selves and others, yet I cannot say that I am wholly divested of that close-sticking Garb, which I mentioned at the Beginning of my Paper, *Vanity*.

For This I have nothing to plead but my Age, which is now arrived at that Date when Folks begin to tell Stories, and most frequently in their own Praises. Now altho' I have more than once been the Object of the Laughter of the Gay Pretty Fellows in *Coffee-houses*, on Account of this my Infirmary, yet I cannot help indulging my self once more in this Humour, which I think the Occasion may justify.

In my Paper of *Tuesday* last I gave Notice, that I designed to be at the *Theatre* in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*; and accordingly, after I had overcome the Uneasiness of appearing in so publick a Manner, I gave my Man Orders to brush my *Black-Suit*, and prepare my *Cloak*, being
tempted

tempted to look three times in the Glass, in one Afternoon, (which I have not done since *Miranda* died) to adjust my Person, and dress with a Decorum becoming my Character. While I was preparing my self, I observed my Servant to smile every now and then, and leering upon me with an Air that spoke his Surprise, he at last ventured to ask me where I was going. Instead of a Reply, I bid him call a Coach, and order the Fellow to drive to *Lincolns-Inn-Play-house*; telling him at the same time to keep his Seat in the Upper-Gallery without Noise, and never to point at his *Master*. When I entered at the *Stage-Door*, Mr. *Husband* with a great deal of Civility addressed himself to me, conducted me to the *Box* over the Stage, which he had taken care to spread with a *Carpet* in honour of my Presence at his Benefit. No sooner did the Audience behold my Countenance, which, without Vanity, has something in it Venerable, but they gave their common Testimony of Approbation by clapping their Hands in Compliment to my Appearance. Then did twenty vain Images arise in my Mind, and I was tempted to compare my self with *Augustus*, *Virgil*,
Bickerstaff,

Bickerstaff, and the Lord knows who; but, thanks to my Philosophy, I soon suppress'd those ridiculous Sentiments, and attended to the Play with proper Nods, Smiles, and an unaffected Alteration of my Posture. There was a Wagg of an Actor there, who endeavour'd to break in upon the well-fenced Gravity of my Temper by odd Gesticulations, bold Starings, and impertinent Winks; but I was proof against his *Buffoonry*, and left him to please himself, and my *Footman*.

The greatest Pleasure that I receiv'd through the whole *Play*, was to observe those *Original Pictures* that were the Ornaments of the Gallery, and could not help taking notice that Nose-less Sir *William Davenant* had more fearful Starrers from the *Pit* than any of the rest of his Fraternity. For my own Part, my Eye dwelt upon my Favourites *Shakespeare* and *Dryden*, tho' I often stole a Look on the Company, which gave me a very sensible Delight. *Honest Husband*, thought I, has struggled with great Difficulties by chusing his Play in Competition with two formidable Rivals; but, I suppose, he depended on *Thursday's* being a lucky Day, according to my Calculation

culation in my Second Paper : And indeed it prov'd so.

I cannot say that the Circle of the *Fair* was so well fill'd as might have been expected, but then I consider'd that I was an Old Man, and that *Nicolini* had a Benefit the same Night, tho' I am proud to tell the World that there were Ladies of a *British* Taste, who seem'd to prefer me to the best Foreign *Eunuch* of them all. Indeed, whatever our Beauties may think of the Matter, as old as I am, I would not change Circumstances with that celebrated *Vox*, & *præterea Nihil*, for all his Money.

When the Play was almost finish'd I was conducted out in the same manner as I enter'd, and asking Mr. *Husband* for the *Prologue*, which I lost by coming so late, he very frankly put the Copy into my Hands, with Leave to print it; and, I hope, I have no Pardon to ask of the *Author* on this Account; I am sure I am oblig'd to him for lengthening out my Paper.

P R O.

PROLOGUE spoken at *Lincolns-Inn-Fields Theatre*, on Occasion of the Pictures of our old *English Dramatick Poets* being plac'd in Front of the Gallery.

W *ith such Respect, such Pleasure, as*
we gaze

On Heroes dead, but living still in Praise;
Ev'n as we prize their Marble Heads in Bust,
Guarding the Tombs that hold their sacred
Dust:

With such Esteem should our admiring Age
View these Dead Fathers of the British
Stage:

Teaching their Eyes, in ev'ry rev'rend Line
To trace the Signatures of Wit Divine.

What living Wonder, whose immortal
Name

Must stand hereafter on the List of Fame,
Who has Renown thro' thickest Dangers
sought,

Made Death a Pastime, or a Blenheim
sought,

But sighs to think, he liv'd not in the Days
For These great Masters to record his
Praise!

What

*What envied Fair, to whom indulgent
Heav'n
Has all the lavish Stock of Beauty giv'n,
That ever, in Excess of Rapture strain'd,
A Lover fancy'd, or a Poet feign'd,
But sighs to think, These cannot signalize
The pointed Glories of her conqu'ring Eyes!*

*What Son of Phœbus, panting for the
Bays,
(The wish'd Reward of his aspiring Lays)
That does not mourn, his too enervate Strain
Wants Johnson's Judgment, and old Shake-
spear's Vein!*

*Yet doubt not, Heroes, of a lasting Name,
Whilst in your Country's Cause you toil for
Fame.*

*Nor doubt, ye Fair, your Beauties shall in-
spire*

*The Hero's Passion, and the Poet's Fire.
Virtues like yours, if any, sure must raise
A Genius great as Theirs to sing your Praise.*

*We only mourn, on our declining Stage,
We want a Spirit equal to their Rage;
And tho' more Wits than ancient Rome we
boast,*

The Roman Roscius to the Stage is lost.

Tuesday

N^o 76. *Tuesday, April 16.*

—*Amoto quæramus Seria Ludo.*

Hor.

THE Revolutions of the Seasons, and Approach of solemn Times in the Year, are generally considered with a View to some worldly Pleasure or Advantage. The Preparations that are made relate either to the spending the Days with most Delight, or turning them to the best Account by an Encrease of Circumstances. I have visited in some Families about *Christmas*, that have been reckon'd People of an exemplary Conduct, and yet the making the *Pyes* and *Plum pottage*, sending to the Carriers for the *Brawn* and *Turkeys*, and the precise Calculation of Visits promis'd. and Entertainments to be made, have even there appear'd the reigning Considerations. *Easter* brings Preparations of another Kind; the Discourse runs on fixing the *Country-Lodgings*, the concluding what Furniture must be taken

ken with them, and worrying the *Dra-per* and *Silkman* for Patterns to make the Children as gay as the Season.

For my own Part, as I am advanc'd in Years, as well as in my Temper but little turn'd to such Levities, I view these solemn Circulations of Time in a Light that best becomes a Man of Thought and Christianity. My Reflections are wholly abstracted from Humane Concerns, and I think my self obliged to grow an *Anchorite* to the World.

After this Profession, I hope, I need not warn my Readers not to be disappointed if they meet no Flight of Gaity, no Essay of Humour, in my *Lucubrations* of this Week. The famous *Persian* Monarchs, as we are told, had certain Persons dispers'd o'er their Dominions, who were call'd the *Ears* and *Eyes* of the Emperor. These serviceable Officers, without being discover'd, watch'd and reported the Motions of the Subject so justly, that their Masters being inform'd of the most minute Occurrences, were by the Vulgar reputed Gods from so strange an Intelligence. I shall imitate these *Eastern* Politicians in a lower Sphere, and plant my Scouts in the most frequented *Coffee-houses*, to remark

mark the Behaviour of the *smart* Libertines, upon my assuming a Subject with which they think it impertinent to trouble their Heads. I expect from these Spies, to hear that my Paper will be curs'd for its Formality; that it will be said, *The Fellow is turn'd Preacher*; and that, *Who would have suspected these Lessons from the Censor, when he was vain enough but the other Day to appear at the Play-house?*

If I find, that upon the Important Theme, to which I have set apart this Week, I cannot obtain the Attention of my Readers, nor oblige them to listen to what should be their Duty, I may be provok'd to turn *Demosthenes's* Arts upon them, and shame them into a little Thought and Application. Lest this Threat should not be so generally understood, I shall take the Liberty of explaining his Method. When that O-
rator was, on a Time, pleading the Defence of his Client who was brought to the Barr upon a Case of Life and Death, the Court, unattentive to the Merits of the Cause, were generally engag'd in private Discourses, and grew so noisic as to interrupt his Pleading. *Demosthenes*, who with Indignation perceiv'd their
Stupidi-

Stupidity, altering the Tone of his Voice and Stile of his Oration, address'd 'em thus. *Men of Athens*, said he, *per- mit me to entertain you with a pleasant Story. A Countryman of ours hir'd an Ass to carry some Goods from Athens to Megara. The Ass was loaded, and the Factor and Driver set out on their Journey. About Noon, the Heat of the Sun becoming insupportable to our Travellers, the Factor, untying the Load, drew Part of it out, and stretching it over his Head, walk'd under the Canopy. The Driver, who was a fractious Fellow, would not allow the Factor this Advantage: upon which a desperate Quarrel arose, the One insisting on his Right of screening himself from the Sun, and the Other asserting that his Ass was hir'd alone to carry the Factor's Burthen. The whole Court observ'd the strictest Silence, whilst the Story lasted, at the End of which Demosthenes descended from the Rostrum. When the People asham'd of their former Impertinence, intreated him to mount again, and go on with his Pleadings. Ascending as they desir'd, You could be silent, said He, my Countrymen, to hear Me talk of an Ass's Shadow, but would lend no Ear when I spoke to you of an Athenian that stands arraign'd for his Life.*

The

The Application of the Orator's Reproach is so easie, that I may leave it to every Man's private Reflections, and return to the Purpose of my Paper, which I design'd of a more grave and solid Nature. I had meant to perswade my Readers to dye, if possible, for a while to the World; and to let the Object of their Redemption, now so shortly to be celebrated, make such proper Impressions on their Souls, as to steal them away from Mortal Concerns. I have read a Letter, which to Me seems a fine Invitation to such Thoughts. It was wrote about Fourscore Years since by a Gentleman at *Paris*, to Mons. *D'Anglure*, who then lay on his Death-Bed: Its most affecting Parts are as follow.

S I R,

I Cannot help reminding You that
' the time of *The Passion* approaches,
' the Memory of which ought to take
' up every Spirit, and fill the Heart of
' every Christian. As it is the Founda-
' tion of our Salvation, so should it be
' of our Hope, and principally of our
' Love. The sacred Institution that we
' owe to it ought to engage our Affe-
ctions,

‘ ctions, and the Love that was expres-
‘ sed, and the Blood that was shed for
‘ Us, should excite all our Resentments,
‘ all our Tenderness. I would therefore
‘ to the utmost of my Power, exhort
‘ You to turn the short Remnant of
‘ your Life to the best Account, and to
‘ detach your self from the World, and
‘ all its Impertinences. Look on great
‘ Riches but as great Obstacles to your
‘ Happiness; that corrupt the Purity of
‘ our Manners, and debauch our Rea-
‘ son; that often make Us prefer the
‘ Gift to the Giver, the Creature to the
‘ Creator. Yet there can be no Prefe-
‘ rence more unjust than this: Aspire
‘ not therefore but at Eternal Treasures,
‘ and that your Heart being void of a-
‘ ny Inclinations to the Earth, may be
‘ prepar’d for such as are Celestial. Alas!
‘ my Friend, you have Time enough
‘ behind to make you a Saint. It is
‘ not so material how you have liv’d for
‘ the past, if you are touch’d with Sor-
‘ row for having offended him, whom it
‘ is our Duty to adore. Make then a
‘ Sacrifice to God of all the Faculties of
‘ your Soul, as well as of the Members
‘ of your Body. Look on Life and
‘ Death as things indifferent, provided
‘ you

‘ you have a Regard to that which must
‘ follow the Dissolution of every Humane
‘ Creature. You have here, Sir, the
‘ Sentiments of a Friend that has advis’d
‘ you upon less important Heads, and
‘ Interests purely humane. Believe that
‘ these are of an infinite Consequence;
‘ and, I profess, I shall be concern’d to
‘ the last Degree, if you should slight
‘ such wholesom Admonitions as tend
‘ alone to your true Happiness. Resign
‘ your self entirely to Providence, with-
‘ out neglecting the Means for your Re-
‘ covery: You are allow’d a Recourse
‘ to the Aid of Man, as well as of Hea-
‘ ven, for the Restoration of your Health,
‘ and for the Continuance of a Life,
‘ which you may only wish prolong’d
‘ for the perfecting your Repentance.

The Circumstance of *D’ Anglure’s* then lying on a Sick Bed, makes not these Precepts more remote to the Interests of Us that are in Health: And if they are our Duties, they are most acceptable, when most voluntary; whilst our Bodies are Strong, and our Spirits in Vigour, and they are not encourag’d by the Admonitions of a faultring Constitution.

Thursday,

N^o 77. *Thursday, April 18.*

*Si, Minnermus uti censet, sine Amore, Jociisque
Nil est jucundum; vivas in Amore, Jociisque.*
Hor.

THE most sensible Conviction, that arises in the Mind of Man, proceeds from Experiment; This brings Truth home to the Senses, and stamps it so forcibly on the Soul, that it can never be forgotten or eras'd. Before the Tryal is once made, Speculation may amuse us with ten Thousand vain Notions of being in the right One way, or Other; a Willingness to encounter the Evil, or a Suspicion of its not being One, may push us forward to the Act: But the Smart of Suffering, or the After-Reflection of the Folly teaches Us a better Lesson, and makes That demonstrative Knowledge, which was before either Fancy or Supposition.

It must be own'd, it is a good thing to begin early to season the Minds of Youth with just Notions of Virtue and
Religi-

Religion; and infuse into them an Abhorrence of vicious Principles, because it lays a Foundation of thinking well; and as long as the Guide is by to apply to the Rule, it must be of some Service in the Conduct of Life. But, indeed, it is as true that when that Restraint is remov'd, these fine Principles are not of any material Consequence. The Mind begins to examine those Maxims which it had receiv'd as Truths, thinks Some too severe, Others too antiquated, and all of them great Obstructions to the Schemes of Gaiety and Pleasure. In this Case it is not very hard to determine which way the Byass will lean; the strong and powerful Solicitations of Passion and Appetite being a considerable Over-match to the small Forces of Reason and Precept, which at that time of Day are commonly very barren of the Fruit that they bear afterwards, those natural Deductions which follow from Things suppos'd to be true. I forbear to mention many other Motives towards Vice, which work according to Inclination, Accident, or Company; because, perhaps, too Many would construe them as Arguments for

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the Indulgence of those very Vices which I am endeavouring to correct.

As we have naturally a Disbelief of every Truth that thwarts the violent Stream of our Will, so it is really not to be expected that we should hearken to the cooler and sedate Thoughts of Others, while the Power of that Impulse remains. If a Man under these Circumstances had ask'd the Advice of *Socrates*, he would have drawn him on by easie Concessions into the Snare of condemning himself, and making him ashamed of his own Understanding. But, tho' the Consulter were never so much puzzled by the intangling Logick of the Philosopher, yet his Will would have still remain'd uncorrected: And those very Passions, which seem'd to be shock'd for the Time of the Dispute, would recur with an equal Vehemence, while the Adviser was not at hand to use the same pretty Magick in laying them. On the contrary, had he made Application to *Aristippus*, he might have left, perhaps, the Sting of a smart Sentence or two upon Him, and deferr'd him to the Experiment for a better Conviction. He would have said, *Go, get drunk, enjoy your Mistress, and come and tell me next Morn-*
ing

ing what you think of these Satisfaction.
You shall be a better Philosopher to your self,
than I can be to You. Upon Examination, this Management may be, perhaps, more just than that of *Socrates*: For 'tis well known that upon the Prospect of Pleasure, the Imagination is ever upon the Stretch, exerting all its Powers to form the Subject of them, whatever it is, in the most agreeable Dress; so that when it comes to the Test, whatever falls short of the conceiv'd *Idea* not only lessens the Delight in Proportion to That, but teaches us to believe that it is the same in all other Things. By this Means, the Man who is well cur'd of one Vice, may be cur'd at the same Time of Twenty; at least it goes so far, as to make a few more Tryals the Foundations for a Certainty in all.

In this Argument my Reader sees that I have omitted the severe Penances which Vice makes its Patients undergo; which is a Correction that they will certainly meet with one time or other. Vice soothes, pleases, and flatters at first, and uses its Servants much as *Æsop* did the sawcy Slave that hit him with a Stone:
 " *Thank you, Sir,* said he, and putting
 " his Hand in his Pocket gave him
 F 2 " some

“ some Money, excusing himself that
 “ he had no more; but told him that
 “ if he would do the same Favour to a
 “ Person of Distinction who was walk-
 “ ing near, he would reward him bet-
 “ ter.” The Fellow took his Advice,
 and was hang’d for his Impudence. I
 need not say that a Course of Wick-
 edness has often carried the Jest as far
 as *Æsop* did: tho’, indeed, that was not
 the Penance I meant, which is one that
 causes Amendment.

In this Kind of Experiment, Wick-
 edness being a Scourge to it self, a Re-
 formation of it is very powerful second-
 ed by Nature: For a Man may possibly
 get over all Sense and Inclination to his
 Duty; he may proceed so far as to dis-
 regard the Opinions of the World, and
 not so much as be asham’d of any Guilt
 he contracts; but he must feel the Un-
 easiness of distemper’d Organs, turbu-
 lent Motions of the Spirits, and a lan-
 guid Frame of Constitution. These An-
 xieties must remind him of the Causes;
 and, perhaps, his first Thought may be
 to avoid them for the future. To these
 a Series of soberer Thoughts will suc-
 ceed, and he will at least begin to think
 that there was something in those Pre-
 cepts

cepts of Virtue which he once despis'd. Punishment, as it quickens his Faculties, so it clears the *Medium* which he looks thro', and represents all Objects in their true and natural Colours. Repeated Tryals are but repeated Evidences of the same Truth.

That what I have advanc'd may not be so far mis-interpreted by *Libertines* as to make them plead the Necessity of being Vitious in Order to be Virtuous, I must leave this Caution with them, to compute from the Misery of others what the Effects of their own Follies would be. The Difference between the Practice of good and bad Actions, is, that there is no Danger in the first, but a great deal in the latter: And he must be very hardy who will venture on that Coast, where he sees Five out of Ten lost before him. The Loss and Sufferings of every Extravagant are just so much Gain to a rational Spectator; and of all Remedies in the World Prevention is the most easie, and most happy.

But if, after all, the School of Fools won't teach us Wisdom without making us of the Number, we are sure of being lesson'd in the End by our own Calamities. It is enough to Men of Sense,

F 3

who

who have any future Views, that the *Works of Darknefs*, as the Apostle phrases it, are *unprofitable*, at least of no Use nor Advantage at all; but the Obstinate and Self-will'd may be convinc'd to their Cost, that *they who sow Wickedness shall, as Job expresses it, reap the Whirlwind*, an unquiet, turbulent State of Life; which may either sweep them away at one violent Gust, or blast and weaken their Powers so, as to make them dread a Fall from the next feeble Breath that shall happen to assail them.

N^o 78. *Saturday, April 12.*

— *Animas, superumq; ad Lumen ituras;*
Virg.

NOTHING gives a fairer Proof of the Truth of a reveal'd Religion, than that the System of it is easie, plain, and natural; not wrapt up in ambiguous Terms, or puzzled with the Conceits of vain and unexplaining Philosophy. Even those Parts which, as Matters of Faith, carry with them the greatest

est seeming Difficulties, are infinitely more agreeable to Reason, than the wild and uncertain Conjectures of the Ancient *Sages*, of whatsoever Sect or Denomination. For first, as to their general Notions, they were dark in themselves, and made more so by the Confusion and Jargon of Terms to which they had affix'd no certain *Ideas*: So that every Master in their Schools, interpreting the Maxims of their Founder, according to their private Fancies, gave Birth to that Multiplicity both of Parties and Errors which appear'd among them. Thus they may be said not only to have walk'd in the dark, but to have taken false Guides too: And it is no Wonder then, if they were led out of the Way, and lost in endless Labyrinths of Dispute.

No better Instances can be given of their imperfect Reasonings, on the most material Questions that Philosophy is capable of handling, than those that relate to the future State of the Soul and the Body. They would fain have assigned some Reasons for their separate Existence in another Life; and, indeed, tried to measure out Rewards and Punishments in their Way: But then their best Arguments were so much overflourish'd with

Fiction, or weaken'd by large Concessions, that they could not but leave their Minds in great Doubtfulness and Suspence. The finest Piece which we have of Antiquity, and which indeed is more fine from the Eloquence of *Plato's* Stile than any Certainty in the Maxims of his Master *Socrates*, proceeds all the way upon Suspicion, without any fair and positive Proof: When in the Heat of his Spirit he has taken his Flight into the *Regions of Immortality*, he is every where amusing, sublime, and rapturous; but then we know not how he came there, or from what certain Point he set out, and the whole *Medium* betwixt the Present Life, and the Next, is an Interval of Darkness which the Philosopher made haste to leap over, only for the Pleasure of running into extravagant Descriptions of Happiness, where he could neither be confuted, nor confute others. This must be the Reason, why *Tully* has so finely remark'd on this Book of *Plato's*:
“ I don't know how it is, says that excellent Judge, but I find it to be true
“ that when I read *Plato* upon the Immortality of the Soul, I seem convinc'd of the Truth of his Notions,
“ and am willing to believe all he says;
“ but

“ but as soon as ever I have laid the Book
 “ out of my Hand, my former Convicti-
 “ on slides away from me, and I turn
 “ *Sceptick* again.” This is the Meaning,
 tho’ not the exact Words of *Tully*. The
 good Man was charm’d with the Sweet-
 ness of the Eloquence, and the masterly
 Paintings of the Describer; but, upon
 Recollection, he found he was cheated
 with Words instead of Reason, and mi-
 stook bare Opinion for Argument.

If then their greatest Wits have con-
 fess’d so much of their own Weakness,
 what must we expect to find in their sub-
 ordinate *Classes*, what Dreams and Sha-
 dows, what idle Conjectures, and what
 unnatural Conclusions? The *Pythagorean*
 Notion, which bids fair for the Oldest
 amongst ’em, makes the Soul pass from
 One Body to Another, and run through
 all the different *Species* of Creatures, by
 way of Reward or Punishment: Allow-
 ing it a Memory of its past States to
 make its present more happy or more mi-
 serable. The Absurdity of making a Soul,
 which once actuated a Humane Frame,
 be debas’d by entering into Hides and
 Plumage, is too gross to bear a Reputa-
 tion: Besides, that it has been often re-
 futed by the Destroyers of each others
 Systems.

Plato, who has mix'd the *Pythagorean* Notions with an Addition of some few of his Own, makes the Souls of Men in a future State capable of Misery and Happiness, and returnable into a Humane Frame. *Virgil* has given us this System at large, and dress'd it in a most agreeable Manner; the Defects of which will be best seen by recounting some particular Passages in his 6th *Æneid*. The Objects that are presented to *Æneas*, at his Descent into the Shades, in Either Condition, are describ'd as fine organiz'd Matter, that fall under the Senses of the Hero, receiving according to their Merits or Demerits their proper Stations in the Mansions below. But then there was but one Parcel of them who were destin'd to reascend, and be united again to a Humane Body. In this Scheme, the cloathing the Spectres with only a finer Texture of Matter, is meer Fancy; and it is a Doubt whether the partial Allotment of only Some to enter into Life again, be a Reward or Punishment. It were needless to enumerate any more of these, or other Notions of the Philosophers; and therefore I shall go on to shew all their Absurdities more plainly, by opposing to them the Principles of reveal'd Religion.

This

This tells Us, that after the Natural Divorce by Death, the Body and the Soul shall be reunited, and exist together in a future State. It does not ask this as a Concession, but by clearing our Notions of a Divine Being, and representing its Attributes in a more full and extensive View to our Understandings, makes it necessary, that from the comprehending the One, the Other should naturally follow. Thus tho' the Heathens, at least the wisest of them, believed the Power of *Creation* in the Supream Author of all things; yet had they no Thoughts of that Power extending so far, as to join again the same Particles of Matter, into which it had infused a Rational Soul, and cause them, after ten thousand Mutations, at one Summons to be rebuilt to receive the same Inhabitant. One would imagine, that the very *Idea* of an *Omnipotent* Agent should necessarily include all those Consequences which Christianity teaches us: and yet without Revelation, it could not so much as enter into their Heads, that a *Resurrection* in our Sense could be. But the Argument of there being *nothing impossible with God*, answers at once all the Scruples which Philosophy either finds
or

or invents. Our Reason too gives its Suffrage to this side of the Question, since if there be any Comparison to be made in the Case, the *Power of Creating*, which is granted by all, is greater than the reassembling the confuted parts of Things, already *Created*, into a certain Form, or Order. And again, how consonant to the measure of Justice is it, how correspondent to the Attributes of a wise Governour, that the Punishment, or the Reward should square with the Offence, or the Merit? The same Person, that is, the united Substances of Spirit, and Matter, become the Object of the Divine Wrath, or Beneficence? Herein is no Perplexity, no continual shifting of the Scene from Place to Place, and driving thro' an infinite Number of Changes, to be succeeded by as many more, only to hide our Ignorance, and disguise the Lameness of our Reason.

But a greater Argument still remains behind, which the poor benighted Heathens could have no just Notion of, unless we will account Those such, which were laughed at, and exploded by their Philosophers. We have a *matter of Fact* to prove the Truth of the *Resurrection*, it has actually been, and witnessed to by

a Number of Evidences, such as is sufficient to ascertain the Truth of any one Historical Point, tho' seemingly never so difficult. The Time to contest it, and the Reasons for contesting it, were very powerful Circumstances to induce the Enemies of our Faith to begin then, and yet it was not attempted; so plain, so certain, so Publick, was the great Article of the Christian Belief manifested without Contradiction.

Now, he who will seek farther than the Proofs arising from *Reason*, and from *Fact*, will never be contented with any other, since they must needs be Inferiour to these. They may indeed put curious and impertinent Questions concerning the Manner of its being transacted, but deserve no better Answer than that of the Apostle, *O Fool!* This Reprimand, tho' a sufficient Check to unnecessary Enquirers, did not hinder him from giving such Reasons to prove the Truth of his Assertion, as I should wrong by giving them in any other Words but his own. To those I refer them, which when they have examined, I hope, they may receive a noble Christian Confidence to cry out with him at the Conclusion, in that fine *Apostrophe*; *O Death, where is thy Sting? O Grave, where is thy Victory?*
Tuesday,

N^o 79. *Tuesday, April 23.*

Utile finitimis abstinuisse Locis. Ovid.

MY Correspondents of both Sexes have called upon me very much of late, to treat of the Subject of *Love*, and I find their Demands encrease upon me, upon the nearer Approach of the Sun to our cold Climate; that *God of Day*, as the Poets call him, causing very *troublesome, uneasy Nights* to the Youth of our Nation. *Florella* complains, that she has not slept well since *Jonquils* have blown, and poor *Mirtillo* only wishes for the spreading of the Leaves, to make the Shades more agreeable to his beloved Shepherdess. Others of my *Love-Casuits* put Cases to me about the properest Season of wrestling with the *Fair*, and whether a beautiful Bed of living *Grass* is not much more preferable than when mowed, and tossed into the Form of a *Hay-Cock*. To the last I answer, that if the usual *shaking Spring-Fitts*, which are sometimes attended with very unlucky Symptoms,

Symptoms, could be prevented, I should judge this part of the Year more proper to take a Fall in, than the fiery Season of *Autumn*. My Opinion is grounded upon some Physical Reasons, which it is not material for them to know, only I would advise them in the Choice of their Places of Diversion a little, before I comply with their Humour in meddling with that most comprehensive Subject *Love*.

Whatever Scenes they are pleased to pick out to spend those gay Parts of Time, which are misnamed *Holy Days*, I desire them rather to chuse such as lie near the *Water*; it being my Opinion that that Conveyance for Lovers is not only more cheap, but more wholesome and delightful, than being stifled up in a *Hackney-Coach*. The Men no doubt will plead for *Coaches*, but I warn my Fair Readers not to lift a Leg into those *Vehicles*, without giving me a distinct Account of the Age and Complexion of their Gallants, and receiving an Order under my Hand for that Practice. These I call *Love-Warrants*, and I have left some in my *Printer's Hands*, to be disposed of upon proper Application. I gave One the other Day in the Form following.—

Love-

Love-Warrant from the Censor, N^o I.

IT having been certified to me by *Miss Jenny Johnson*, and likewise by the Attestation of her Mother, and several Matrons in the Neighbourhood, that *William Wagstaff Esq;* her Lover, is turned of the Age of Thirty Five, of a *Dry Constitution in the Third Degree*, and is but lately recovered of a Fit of Sicknefs, I do permit the above-mentioned Parties to go in a *Coach* as far as *Kensington*, and no farther; and any *Hackney-Coachman* is hereby permitted to take them up without Scruple, upon Sight of this Order.

Signed,

The CENSOR.

I have not heard that any other Consequence followed upon this Warrant, but a *Dish of Chickens and Asparagus*, a moderate Glass of Wine, and a seasonable Return from the Gardens at seven in the Evening. If the Youth would be but so just to themselves as to come into these Measures, I should prevent that immoderate Consumption of *Church-Warden's Capons*, so enormously practised

sed in all the Parishes of this populous City. The Noisy Pleadings in *Westminster-Hall*, occasioned by unseemly *Acts of Battery*, would be by this Means much less frequent than at present; and *Doctors Commons* would not be so often obliged to punish and bind up the offending Female Tongues to their good Behaviour, which they now can hardly effect with all their Fines, and Damages. Nothing would be heard of but the Trade of *Licences*, the Revenue of which would be vastly improved, if my Scheme should take Place.

Instead of this wholesome Practice, let but the few Philosophers of our Age walk over the *Hampsted* and *High-gate* Fields; and how shall their Eyes be offended with the Sight of *irregular Decumbitures*? Instead of One curious *Botanist*, who is ranging over the Meadows for useful *Simples*, to allay the feverish Heat of the Blood, and preserve Life; what Numbers shall he meet with, who take a Pleasure in bruising the tender Plants, and heightning that *Crisis* of the Blood, which Nature designed them for to moderate? Even *Greenwich-Park*, tho' one might expect the Company there to be more temperate from their Water-Carriage,

riage, has not been without shrewd Signs of the evil Disposition of its Walkers. Heaven knows what odd Business goes on below, while honest Mr. *Flamstead* is observing the Conjunctions of the heav'nly Bodies. I say nothing of some famous *Chaces* that were formerly made within those Limits, tho' I believe they made as much Noise at one time, as the *Signing of Magna Charta* in *Runnymede* did heretofore. If that Trade had been vigorously pursued by the Youth of our Nation from the Example then set them, I am afraid we should have been forced to build another kind of an *Hospital*, as large as that for the *Emeriti* in the other Warfare.

Beside these Places, I cannot but reflect with some Concern on the Number of *Gardens* round about this spacious City, where nothing is less minded than the Culture of the Flowers and Fruits. You may indeed meet with a *Hot-bed* or Two for *Cucumbers* and *Melons*, but the rest is all barren *Shade*, or withdrawing *Boxes*, *Towers*, and *Ships*, to make some amends for the other Defect. In these Gardens we may say as *Milton* does of *Enna* in *Sicily*.

That

——— *That fair Field*
Of Enna, where Proserpine, gath'ring
Flowers,
Herself a fairer Flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd. ———

What shall I say of those polite Artificers who have contriv'd to bewilder the Mind every step the pretty Walker takes, and by dividing and puzzling the Passages of the green Roads, leave her as much at a stand which Path to chuse as ever *Knight-Errant* was, and give her, perhaps, as many Troubles and Adventurer as ever the best of them encounter'd with? These Inventions, it must be said, keep up to the Designs of their first Founder, and *Labyrinths* are still the *Concealers* of *Shame*. Let the Ladies therefore have a just dread of entering into these Places; let them believe it to be all enchanted Ground, where it is Ten to One if they do not raise a *Devil* or a *Conjurer*, sooner than an *Hare* or a *Partridge*.

And now I am giving Advice, I must go on to make it of Use to all the Parties of Pleasure and Diversion the Season affords. In general then; I beg of the
Fair

Fair Sex not to accept of the customary Present of a *Green Gown*; but always to remember, at those kind Offers, the old Proverb, *There is a Snake in the Grass*. I except the Poets from this Rule, who if they will but make as good a Copy of Verses as Mr. *Waller* has on the same Occasion, the *FALL* may be forgiven. Let them try to make such an Apology as the following Lines at the Conclusion of that Poem.

*Then blush not, Fair, or on him frown,
Or wonder how you both came down;
But touch him, and he'll tremble straight,
How could he then support your Weight?
How could the Youth, alas, but bend,
When his whole Upright upon him lean'd?
If ought amiss by him were done,
'Twas that he let you rise so soon.*

I must forewarn them too of *Musick* and *Dancing*; those Recreations, unless they had a powerful *Sylph* to keep them from tripping, being a little too slippery to be trusted at any other but the Good-time of *Christmas*. If they have an Inclination to be Spectators only of Feats of Activity, *The Postman* informs me that one of their own Sex, the *Lady Butterfeild*,

feild, shows in Publick to Morrow;
 “ She challenges any Woman in *England*
 “ to ride, or leap a Horse, run a-foot, or
 “ hollow, tho’ Seven Years younger;
 “ but not a Day older, because she would
 “ not undervalue herself.

Methinks there is more Spirit in this Advertisement than in any of our *Swordsmen’s* at *Marybone*; and her scorning to take the Advantage of Age, tho’ she allows it to others, is perfectly *Heroinical*. I am not so much satisfied in other Points indeed, and it is no small Scruple to me to fix the Date, when *leaping of Horses*, and *hollowing* came to be Female Diversions, unless we derive them from the ancient *Amazonian* Spinstresses.

I don’t know but that I may be present at this famous Entertainment; but I warn the *Beaus* not to come too near my *Lady Butterfeild* for fear of Consequences; she seeming to me from these Masculine Qualities to be, as *King Charles* said on another Occasion, the *likeliest Woman in England to get a Man with Child*.

Thursday,

N° 80. *Thursday, April 25.*

Acrius advertunt animos ad Religionem.

Lucr.

SINCE the Days of *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq; of facetious Memory, the Fraternity of Gamesters have not fell under the Notice of a publick Pen, and therefore I, as his Descendant by a collateral Branch, think my self oblig'd to observe a little on their Ways and Manners. But I desire the Gentlemen of the Faculty to be under no Apprehension of my paying them so much Respect as to be the Publisher of their respective Rises and Falls, their lucky, or unlucky Runs of Chance; since I go to Bed too early to be a Spectator of their nocturnal Industry, and am too tender of the worst Man's Fame to take his Reputation upon the Credit of mere Report.

When I consider this *Species* of Mortals, it is with quite another View; the Light I place them in being in Opposition to that of the Free-thinkers. This latter

latter Sect set up for divesting the Mind of Prejudices, rooting out the Weaknesses of early Credulity, and putting to flight all the Chimera's and Fears that Priests and Nurses have settled in the Souls of those, whom they term, Believers. On the contrary, The *Knights of the Table* are continually putting their Invention upon the Rack to fill their Heads with Fancies and Images which have no Foundation in Nature or Reason; supplying their Understandings with imaginary Aversions and Sympathies, and filling those Cells of the Brain, which the *Free-thinker* had left empty, with a Swarm of superstitious Idea's. As it is a known Maxim with some Sots never to lay the Blame of their Intemperance on the true Cause, the Quantity of the Wine; so it is with some Gamblers, never to impute their Losses or Winnings to the Inequality of Chances, but to some other Foreign Reason. The one gets heartily fuddled with his Four Bottles, and is sick in the Morning upon no other Account than that he eat a Piece of an *Orange*; the other did not lose his Mony on the Strength of Luck, or Inadvertency, but by the Entrance of some *strange Figure* into the Room. *This*

is sure he should have won a Thousand, if such a Trifle had not happened; and *That* is as positive that he had gone home sober, but for an Accident equally ridiculous and unaccountable.

There is *Will. Caster*, whom I saw Forty Years ago at *Bath*, who lives very comfortably at this Day upon an Annuity of Five Hundred, which he gain'd merely, *as he says*, by placing his *Hat* on a particular fortunate *Pegg* in the Room. On the other Side I have seen *Sir Thomas Rattle* sit four Hours together at the Expence of a *Manor* and *Appurtenances*, and not discover the Reason of his Loss, till he rose up, and found he had sat upon a *Broken Chair*. Some shall do the Penance of passing the Box for an Hour or Two, while they are longing to play, in expectation of the Removal of some unlucky *Muscles*, or a vacant Seat that they are sure *Fortune* has chose to *make rich*. It has been known that a large Plantation of Oaks, or a Mother's Jointure, has some times, in the Fancy of the Players, turn'd on the Waiter's Mistake of bringing in a Glass of *Wine* instead of *Water*. I believe I need not say, that there are now living at least Fifty Gentlemen, who
will

will give their *Oath* they never won on a *Friday*.

When once this Humour of Mind grows strong upon the Patient, he descends into Ten Thousand subordinate Degrees of Superstition, which he is much more perswaded of, than of the Truth of any other Proposition, not to say, *Articles of his Faith*. What a fine Scene is it to see a Man in all other Acts capable of Reason, and proposing the most probable Means of accomplishing any End, sit with his Arms extended half an Hour, and *barring the Cast*, 'till he has, in the Phrase of the Fraternity, *touch'd the Dice*? When the Imagination is once at work upon such an Idea, there is not a Passion in the Mind which it will not command; and the Hazard of Life it self shall be run, sooner than this fantastical Fondness be denied gratifying. I remember I was asking after an Old Acquaintance the other Day, when it was told me he was dead, and upon enquiring how, it was answer'd in a Duel, and this sufficient Reason given for the Occasion, "He barred my *Lord Fickle* "Twenty Times, was challeng'd, and "run through the Body.

But I must proceed to more extraordinary Acts of Credulity, which this Sett of unhappy Men are sometimes guilty of; and in this we may be convinced, that the Notions of Omens and Magic are not lost in their *Christianity*. *Mercury* and *Laverna* were never addressed to by the Ancient Pagans with more earnest Sincerity, than these *Devotees* do the Fictitious Power of *Chance*, which has succeeded in their Stead, and has now perhaps as many Temples, as there are Gamblers Hearts in the World. *Trivio* in my Memory has risen with the Summer Sun, and walked three Miles to put his Hand in an Incharnted Hole in the Ground, and then returned to his Afternoon Play, with an assured Confidence of Success. There are, indeed, if the Truth were known, as many *Orders* of this kind of Men, as there are of Fryars in the *Romish Church*, of which the *Barefooted Gamblers* are not the least considerable. These walk naked round their Chamber for an Hour every Morning, and compound for a Cold, or Sore-Throat, on the Expectation of their Evening Cure, by coming well-laden Home. The *Turners* of *Stockings*, and the *Changers* of *Wiggs*, are another Order,

der, these Superstitions being their *Infal-*
lible Guides to Wealth, and good For-
tune.

When I have considered of these
strange Weaknesses of our Reason, I
have been tempted to think in what
Manner a *Siamite*, or such remote Hea-
then who should be present at these
Scenes, would express himself in an Ac-
count to his Correspondent. I have ta-
ken therefore a sort of Game, which is
well known among us, and confined his
Observations to that only, and supposed
him, after a Sight of a full *Pharaoh-Ta-*
ble, to send to *Siam* the following Ac-
count.

“ All the *European* Nations in gene-
“ ral pretend to the Worshipping of
“ but One God, but I can scarce cre-
“ dit them in this Profession: for be-
“ sides those living Divinities, to which
“ they so visibly, and with such Zeal,
“ devote their Services, they have like-
“ wise inanimate Deities, to whom they
“ do Sacrifices, as I observ’d when I
“ accidentally was present at One of
“ their religious Assemblies.

“ They have in their Chappels a large
“ round *Altar*, adorn’d with a green
“ Covering, and illuminated in the
G 2 “ Middle

“ Middle with large Wax-Tapers; a-
 “ bout which a Number of their Zea-
 “ lots rank themselves on Seats, as we
 “ do at our private Domestick Sacrifices.
 “ In the Moment that I entred, One
 “ of the Company, who was undoubt-
 “ edly the *Sacrificer*, spread over the
 “ *Altar* a Parcel of *Leaves*, which he drew
 “ out of a *little Book* he held in his
 “ Hand: these *Leaves* bore the Repre-
 “ sentation of certain Figures, that, tho’
 “ but scurvily painted, were intended for
 “ the Formes of some certain Deities; for
 “ still as the Priest distributed them a-
 “ round, Every One made his *Offering*
 “ in Proportion to his *Ability* or *Devo-*
 “ *tion*. And I observ’d that these Of-
 “ ferings were much more considerable
 “ and profuse, than those that they make
 “ in their *publick Temples*.

“ Some few Ceremonies past, the
 “ *Sacrificer*, with an odd kind of Trem-
 “ bling, handled the *Book*, and seem’d
 “ for a while seized with the utmost
 “ Apprehensions: the Circle of *Devo-*
 “ *tees* sat attentive to his Motions, in the
 “ greatest Suspense imaginable: and as he
 “ turn’d up every distinct *Leaf*, they one
 “ after another were differently agitated,
 “ as the Spirit particularly possess’d them:

“ one

" one seem'd to praise Heav'n by clap-
 " ping together his Hands, another fix'd
 " his Eyes on the Image of his Deity,
 " and grinn'd with some Resentment;
 " a third bit his Fingers and knock'd
 " his Heels against the Ground; and in
 " a Word, all threw themselves into
 " such extraordinary Postures and Di-
 " stortions, that they no longer seem'd
 " of the humane Species. At last, the
 " Sacrificer himself had no sooner turn'd
 " up a particular Leaf, but he shew'd
 " the same Symptoms of Frenzy, tore
 " to Pieces his Book, and was ready to
 " eat it up, overturn'd the Altar, and
 " blasphem'd the Sacrifice: then arose
 " Complaints and Groanings, Cries and
 " Execrations: To see them so enrag'd
 " and transported in their Devotions,
 " I concluded that the Gods they wor-
 " shipp'd were of a jealous and resentful
 " Temper, and to punish them for sa-
 " crificing to Others, sent every One an
 " ill *Demon* to be their Tormentor.

N^o 81. Saturday, Apri' 27.

*Pars hominum vitiis gaudet constanter, & urget
Proposuit: pars multa natat: modo recta capeffens,
Interdum pravis obnoxia. Sæpe notatus
Cum tribus amellis, modo levâ Priscus inani,
Vixit Inequalis, Clarum ut mutaret in horas.*

Hor.

The UNEQUAL Man.

ALL of us, from that Mixture and Intercourse which the Necessity of Society makes us have with each Other, know by Experience the vast Variety of the Tempers, Genius, and Inclination among the different Members of our Species, and from thence we give them, according to the Standards we have set, their different Degrees of Virtue and of Vice. Some we call just or good, others chaste or temperate, some immoral, some perverse and obstinate. In many Individuals we shall find Good and Evil so blended, and so seemingly partaking of each others Qualities on every Occasion they are exerted, that it looks as impossible to separate them, as it is to draw

draw a Line between the Fresh and the Salt-water. Of all these Kinds Company furnishes Us with a Number of Instances, which every Man may easily point out for himself.

But what seems more unaccountable, is, that the strangest Extremes both of Virtue and Vice should meet and agree in one and the same Person, and that at very numerous Intervals of Time, without perceiving how, or from what Reason, the Transition from one Point to the Other was made. The common Changes of Fortune or Health, may make a Wise Man submit himself to the Circumstances and Occasions of Things, and so appear a different Person from what he was: but when no visible Alteration of Thought can be trac'd from External Accidents; and the Morning *Demure* leaps on a Sudden to the Evening *Libertine*, we are as much amaz'd, as lost and puzzled, to give an Explanation of their Conduct.

The first Character which is remarkably drawn at Length of this Kind in Antiquity, is that of *Tigellius* in *Horace*. The Particulars of this various changeable Creature, must have been so well known at that Time, that we may suppose

pose so polite an Author as *Horace* would not have ventur'd to have added any thing to them, since they must have fell under the Notice of the People every Day. The Picture is so finely irregular, that I can't help putting it into a Modern Dress, to give my Readers a juster *Idea* of the *Unequal Man*.

Tigellius was, in every Action of his Life, the most inconstant Creature to himself; ever varying his Manners, his Oeconomy, his Humours, his Sayings, nay, and even his Habit. As he had a good Voice, he would sometimes strike up, and sing for Hours together without being ask'd, in the most indifferent Company. At other times, when he was with the Greatest Men in *Rome*, even with the Emperor himself, he would deny him the Favour of a Song, and sit silent the whole Night. Sometimes would run along the Streets as if an Enemy were pursuing him; at other Times he would step it along with the Sedateness and Gravity of a Magistrate: his Equipage, one Day, consisted of two hundred Slaves, and sometimes he would only have a single Page at his Heels. One while his Discourse ran upon no other Topick but the Splendor of Greatness,

ness, and the Company of the greatest Names and first Quality in the World: and in a little Time you should hear him commending a Philosophical Life, running into Panegyricks upon a solitary Joint-stool, and protesting against the Vanity of Dress, and wishing only for a coarse Cloath to keep out Cold; and yet this happy, this philosophical, contented Fellow, had you given him ten thousand Pounds, would, as had been often try'd before, have been the most absolute Rake in the whole Town, debauch'd all Night, slept all Day, and walk'd without a Penny of Money in his Pocket at a Week's End.

There are too many Characters which are very near akin to this of *Tigellius*; it being no uncommon thing for Us to hear the finest and gravest Lectures of Morality from a Man perfectly perswaded of what he says, who shall start out on a sudden into the extremest Length of acting the Reverse of his Doctrine: and with the Old Man in the Fable, literally blow hot and cold with the same Mouth. The alternately Prodigal, and Covetous, who shall at one Season deny themselves Necessaries for a Year, and squander at another half an Estate in a

Day, have as often fell under the Observation of the Curious. There is something still more peculiar in these People, that whatever they do, they have still as many Reasons to urge for a Vicious as a Virtuous Action, and have the dear Happiness of always being in the Right, in the Prosecution of what they themselves condemned as Folly or Madness the Day before.

The silliest thing in the World, said Lord *Fickle*, is to be a Party-Man, and what need I of all Mankind do it, who am easy and happy in the Possession of a full unincumbred Fortune; and he can be no better than a Fool who will spoil the Enjoyment of it by being troublesome to others, and uneasy to himself. The same Man grew into the Violence of Bigotry it self in a quarter of a Year after, cursed every Body who was not as active as himself; in a second Quarter cool'd again, condemn'd himself again, and swore to live easy, and in particular never to quarrel with any Man, nor care for any Woman. In this Philosophical Temper, Retirement and Books possess'd him for a moderate Interval, but a little time brought Two Duels and Two Children upon him. He has
rail'd

rail'd at every kind of Life round, in its Turn, and yet lived them all; condemn'd every Science, and yet been in love with them all; and has had as different Courses of Religion as ever he had of Provisions at his Table. After all these Shiftings of the Scene, and the Person, he does not know, nor cannot, what he shall call himself the next Day; or if he promises to be any thing, he is another by that time it is half spent, if not sooner. I have known him praise frequenting the *Church* at a Theatre, extol the Management of *Stocks* in an Assembly of Beauties, rail at Preferment in the midst of a *Court*, and run from Town to the Country, from the Country to Town with alternate Symptoms of Delight and Aversion.

But of all the Characters of *Inequality* none ever yet came up to that of our Satyrist Mr. *Dryden*, and yet was very near true of the Person he describ'd under the Name of *Zimri*.

*A Man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome:
Stiff in Opinion, always in the Wrong,
Was ev'ry thing by starts, but Nothing long:*
But,

*But, in the Course of one revolving Moon,
Was Fidler, Chymist, Statesman, and Buff-
foon.*

*Then all for Women, Painting, Rhyming,
Drinking;*

*Besides ten Thousand Freaks that dy'd in
Thinking.*

*Praising and Railing were his usual Themes,
And both, to shew his Judgment, in Ex-
tremes.*

*So over Violent, or over Civil,
That ev'ry Man with him was God, or De-
vil.*

Under what Denomination, except that I have chosen to rank these Men, I know not; that of *Humourist* being very short of reaching them in the extent of their Actions. The *Humourist's* Alterations only concern the trivial Actions of Life, and are seldom of much Consequence to themselves or others. The *Unequal Man's* give a Turn to a whole Series of his Happiness, or Misery, and absolutely change the Current of his Thoughts. The first, by his little Irregularities, makes himself pleasing to many; the second is either stared on as a Monster, or pitied as a Fool, or a Madman. The *Humourist* is commonly con-

confin'd in his Temper to a few Instances; the *Unequal*, as he knows not why he began, so neither does why, or when, he shall act in a new Character. Indeed it is much easier to distinguish these, than to give any just Reason for the particular Varieties by which they are distinguish'd. If I were to be ask'd my Opinion, I should return much the same Answer as a Philosopher to one who ask'd him, *Why he was guilty of so many silly things?----- I will tell you, said the Sage, when I have done the same.*

N^o 82. *Tuesday, April 30.*

Somnia, Terrores magicos, Miracula, —
Hor.

THE Man, that is engag'd in a Multitude of Affairs, is under a Necessity of making many Promises which he breaks merely from the Interpositions of Business, and which he design'd certainly to have comply'd with, had not a Tide of new Things flow'd in, and prevented the Method of his Prosecutions. This is just the Case with me, as some of my Correspondents seem to intimate:
I

I promise a Paper on such a particular Subject, which I really at that time intend to throw in upon the first Vacancy; but either, upon a New Turn of Spirits, some Sollicitations to touch a new Theme, or some other Diversions that I cannot account for, I neglect the Performance of my Promise so long, that I am reproach'd with Forgetfulness, or put in Mind that I am not a *Man of my Word*. I could enumerate more Instances of this sort than I ought to boast of; and when I compute how much Credit I have had given me, it startles me to think how I shall ballance the Account. In one Letter I am charg'd with an Engagement of giving a *weekly Criticism* by way of Examination of the *Stage* in all its Extent: And am told I have not made above Two Payments yet on this Arrear. Another, who attacks me with more *Smartness*, says I am an intolerable While a *sorting* my *New Inventions* in *Dress* and *Philosophy*. A Third says, he shall never believe the Story of my Correspondent's *Restorative Fountain*, till I present the Publick with a *List of the Cures* done by its Waters. But my last Accusation that came to hand, and which is the kindest in the whole Catalogue, is a
Letter

Letter from *Exeter*, that not only reminds me of my Neglect; but brings me an Essay on the very Topick that should have been my Task.

Were I determin'd, like Quacks that produce their *foreign Medals*, to descant on the spreading of my Fame, and Merit of my Paper, I might, perhaps, think this a very fair Occasion: But, Vanity apart, I will judge it owing to the Assiduity of my Bookseller, who should spare no Pains to propagate its Character, in Order thereby to encrease his own Profit. Be this as it will, I am oblig'd to my *Western Friend* for his Admonition, as well as his Thoughts on a Subject which I had promis'd to my Readers; and which I shall now recommend to them from his own Manuscript.

To the CENSOR.

SIR,

‘ **W**HEN I read your *Lucubration*, of
‘ about a Month since, expo-
‘ sing the *Absurdity of Atheism*, I for some
‘ Time impatiently expected that Coun-
‘ terpart to it, which you told us should
‘ make the Subject of some future Pa-
‘ per, on the *Folly of Bigotry*. I am not
‘ to examine for what Reasons you have
‘ disappointed us of our Entertainment
on

‘ on this Head; but till I know them,
‘ may, with Submission, accuse you of
‘ Disappointing us. To convince you how
‘ much this Intention of yours has been
‘ in my Thoughts, I have thrown some
‘ loose *Ideas* together, to be modell’d
‘ and digested in what Manner you think
‘ fit.

‘ *Bigotry* seems to me to be almost as
‘ remote from *true Religion*, as Com-
‘ pulsion is from Free-will; the one acting
‘ from a Knowledge of our Obligations
‘ to Heaven, and so making it self a Du-
‘ ty; the other following the Dictates
‘ of a servile Fear, and Weakness in Na-
‘ ture, serves God in a Manner as the
‘ *Indians* do the *Devil*. The Practice of
‘ the First is our Praise and Honour;
‘ the falling into the latter, our Infir-
‘ mity and Disgrace. We by the one
‘ address our great Benefactor, as Beings
‘ worthy his Creation; by the other,
‘ like Cowards that are unreasonably ob-
‘ sequious, we strive to ingratiate our
‘ selves by Superstitions, that debase the
‘ Merit of our Worship.

‘ It was the System of *Epicurus*, when
‘ he labour’d to prove that the World
‘ was made by a lucky Concurrence of
‘ Atoms, and therefore that it was ab-
furd

‘ surd to entertain Notions of a Depen-
 ‘ dance on Providence, gave Rise to that
 ‘ impious Position, that *Fear was the*
 ‘ *first Foundation of a Godhead*: It would
 ‘ be almost as erroneous in our Divinity,
 ‘ to say that Fear of the Divine Indig-
 ‘ nation is the first Motive of paying our
 ‘ Homage.

‘ Besides that *Bigotry* is acting upon
 ‘ a wrong Principle, it is ever so blen-
 ‘ ded with *Superstition*, that it affects our
 ‘ Conduct in the most minute and trivial
 ‘ Circumstances. It trains Us up in so
 ‘ many Terrors and Fopperies, that our
 ‘ whole Lives are regulated by *Omens*
 ‘ and whimsical *Remarks on Accidents*.
 ‘ I believe, I may affirm, that there ne-
 ‘ ver yet was a *Bigot* in Religion, but
 ‘ what put great Faith in some peculiar
 ‘ Signs and Observations; and look’d on
 ‘ certain idle Ceremonies, and Customs,
 ‘ as essential as those prescrib’d by the
 ‘ *Rubrick*. I have known many a good
 ‘ Woman, so piously weak in the Course
 ‘ of all her Actions, that she would not
 ‘ have *spoke* during the *cutting* of her *Nails*
 ‘ for fear of Consequences, dreaded to
 ‘ sit at Table when the Company was
 ‘ *odd in Number*, and esteem’d it of Mo-
 ‘ ment to her good or ill Fortune to
 take

‘ take up a *Pin with the Head towards her.*
‘ I should be glad to have an Account
‘ from some of these People of the In-
‘ fluences by which Providence acts o’er
‘ the World, and in what Manner they
‘ consider these Trifles as Agents of the
‘ Divine Will. If they can give me a
‘ rational Account, why their Faith in-
‘ clines to such *Ideas*, as to think the Ob-
‘ servation of these Particulars may be a
‘ *Corrective* or *Alterative* of their Fates,
‘ then I shall readily acquiesce, that that
‘ Man is born to extream good Fortune,
‘ who has the Luck to find a *rusty Horse-*
‘ *shoe*: and would advise the good Wo-
‘ man to return to her Bed, if a *Weazel*
‘ cross’d the Entry before her Face, up-
‘ on her first coming down in the Morn-
‘ ing.

‘ These out-of-the-way Ceremonies,
‘ and Observations that cling to our
‘ Weaknesses, make such a Work in a
‘ formal Superstitious Family, that their
‘ whole Religion is a Piece of Mumme-
‘ ry. I have known it go so far, that
‘ Two Ladies, indeed somewhat ad-
‘ vanc’d in Years, and both Single Wo-
‘ men, abstain’d from Church, and re-
‘ turn’d to their Closets to deprecate the
‘ Evil, because they happen’d both to
dress

' dress in Cloaths of the same Colour.
 ' You will easily observe, Sir, that I
 ' have treated *Bigotry* and *Superstition* all
 ' along, as Synonymous in their Terms,
 ' and very little distinct in their Effects.
 ' They are so nearly resembling one a-
 ' nother, that we may, with less than a
 ' *Poetical Licence*, call them *Sisters*, the
 ' Descendants of *Weakness*. To distin-
 ' guish them nicely, we may say, that
 ' we generally deceive our selves by bare
 ' *Superstition*, and suffer our selves to be
 ' deceiv'd by others thro' *Bigotry*. The
 ' latter makes us such implicit Believers,
 ' that it lets the grossest Impositions go
 ' down with us, and never suffers us to
 ' dispute the Credit of our Teachers.
 ' This in all Ages, but especially when
 ' Ignorance flourish'd most, has given a
 ' Sanction to some recorded *Miracles*,
 ' *Witchcrafts*, *Apparitions*, and *Exorcise-*
 ' *ments*, in which, setting Prepossession a-
 ' side, there was not, perhaps, one Tittle
 ' of Truth. I shall finish the Trouble I
 ' give you, in one Instance of the Pow-
 ' er of *Bigotry*, taken from a Story au-
 ' thentick in it self, and very well re-
 ' commended, which, it may be, you
 ' have met with in your own Reading.

Radziwil,

‘ *Radziwil*, Chancellor of *Lithuania*,
 ‘ having paid a Visit to the Pope, and
 ‘ receiv’d from him a Present of some
 ‘ Relicks, when he return’d home, the
 ‘ News of his Rarities spread; and some
 ‘ Monks requested he would lend them
 ‘ for the Relief of a poor Man who was
 ‘ possess’d. *Radziwil* comply’d, the Re-
 ‘ licks were carried in solemn Pomp, after
 ‘ usual Exorcisms were made Use of,
 ‘ the *Demoniack* dispossest by their
 ‘ Virtue, and all the Spectators were
 ‘ convinc’d of the Miracle. *Radziwil*,
 ‘ some few Days after, was extolling the
 ‘ Virtues of his Relicks, when one of
 ‘ his Retinue who had been intrusted
 ‘ with the Possession of them, by laugh-
 ‘ ing discovered himself, and was urg’d
 ‘ to a Confession; that returning from
 ‘ *Rome*, he had lost the Box of Relicks,
 ‘ but not daring to speak of it, had got
 ‘ one like it, and fill’d it with little Bones
 ‘ of Beasts, and such Trifles as he could
 ‘ get, that were like the Relicks which
 ‘ he had lost.

‘ *Radziwil* credited his Servant’s Con-
 ‘ fession, but resolving to be satisfied,
 ‘ desired the Monks to enquire if there
 ‘ were any other *Demoniack* that wanted
 ‘ the Assistance of his Relicks. A Se-
 cond

' cond was found, and exorcis'd in *Rad-*
 ' *ziwil's* Presence, who told the Monks
 ' that he would have that Man stay in
 ' his Palace till the next Day, and that
 ' they should retire. When they were
 ' gone, he put the *Demoniac* into the
 ' Hands of his *Tartarian* Grooms; who
 ' by Stripes and Scourgings oblig'd him
 ' to confess the Cheat. In the Morn-
 ' ing *Radziwil* sends for the Priests, in
 ' whose Presence the Fellow protested
 ' that he neither was, nor ever had been
 ' possess'd by the Devil. The Priests
 ' insisted it was a Trick of the Devil's,
 ' who spoke through the Man's Mouth.
 ' But *Radziwil* answer'd, if his *Tartars*
 ' had been able to force the Devil to
 ' tell Truth, they would be able to ex-
 ' tort it from the Mouths of the Monks:
 ' When the Monks, perceiving the
 ' Danger they were in, confess'd the
 ' Imposture, and pleaded that it was
 ' done with a good Intention, to pre-
 ' vent the Progress of Heresy.

I am,

Yours

*A. B.**Tuesday,*

N^o 83: Tuesday, May 2.

Ἄλλὰ γυνὴ χεῖρασι πίθε μέγα πῶμ' ἀφελῆσα
 Ἑσκέδαδ', ἀνθρώποισι δ' ἐμήσατο κήδεα λυγρὰ.
 Μένη δ' αὐτόθι ἐλπὶς ἐν ἑρρήκτοισι δόμοισιν
 Ἐνδον ἔριμνε, πίθε ὑπὸ χεῖρασι, ἔδ' ἐθύετο
 Ἐξέπλη. ————— Hesiod.

THE State of Life that we are plac'd in, thro' the Inſtability of Humane Blessings, and the Croud of Ills that are attached to our Nature, would hardly be supportable, were it not for the Comforts that *Hope* affords Us of a Change for the better here, as well as the glorious Prospect of a Repa- ration after Death. This, and *Contentment* are the Two great *Specificks* against all the Pains and Distresses, which, as *Shakespear* expresses it, *Flesh is Heir to*. We should bear the Visitations of *Sor- row* and *Sickness*, *Want* and *Captivity*, *Oppression* and *Contempt*, much worse than we now do, but for the Consolation of this gentle Deity, that condescends to lodge in every Bosom. It is one of the
 Benefits,

Benefits, I remember, which *Æschylus* makes *Prometheus* boast of having conferr'd on Mankind, when *Jove* was angry with them, by infusing into them flattering Hopes that they should not dye. And *Theognis* says, that when *Faith*, *Temperance*, the *Graces*, and other Celestial Powers left the Earth, *Hope* was the only Goddess that stay'd behind.

The Advantages we receive from her charitable Influences, are so well known to every Man that has liv'd and convers'd with Trouble, (as who, that lives, does not sooner or later?) that the Impressions it makes on Us better describe them than the most labour'd Eloquence of Oratory can pretend to. They, who have felt its Power, need no Eulogium's of it to enhance its Excellence: and to paint it floridly to those who have never had it in view, is little more to the Purpose than explaining *Colours* to a *Blind Man*.

All the Definition therefore, or Description of its Influences that I shall give, shall be to present it in a *Visionary Light*, from the nicest Recollection I can make of seeing it in a Dream.

Methoughts, I was hurried up above the *Atmosphere* in which we breath, into

a Region of Air more fine and subtle than what we draw below, and which I found added a Vivacity to all my Faculties, and made me less affected with the Grossness of a Material Body. The *Æther* was of a pure transparent Blue, more beautiful than any Landschape we can fancy of a Summer-Evening's Sky; and the Beams of the Sun, that darted temperately on the Place, inspir'd a Chearfulness and Gaity in the Soul. It seem'd to answer all the Beauties we can form to ourselves of the *Eastern Paradise*, and was call'd the blissful *Region of Hope*.

The *Goddeſs* of the Country had a particular Priviledge of renewing her Youth, and of appearing always blooming and sprightly. She was look'd upon to be an *Enchantress* by some, from the wonderful Operations that she perform'd without having her Art visible but in its Effects. The Companions that usually waited her Commands, were *Joy*, *Expectation*, *Comfort*, and *Patience*. She had a Power of shortening and lengthening Time at her Pleasure: nor were the *Hours* permitted to run their Course, without first receiving her Directions for their Flight. Her numerous Train
look'd

look'd like a Host of Cherubs, and were continually singing Songs of Triumph before her over *Danger* and *Distrust*.

I could perceive, as I look'd downward, the Earth hanging like a large Speck of Matter, and all its Surface cover'd with Mists and Vapours. A great Part of it bore the Resemblance of an Hospital, and its Inhabitants look'd like pale desponding Patients worn out with the Fatigues of Pain, and Sickness: The Physicians seem'd professing their Art at a Loss; and ill-natur'd Phantoms, call'd *Fears*, hover'd round the weeping Friends, and tortur'd them with the dreaded *Ideas* of Death.

In another Part, I could behold gloomy Dungeons, and Wretches loaded with Irons, and bound down to the Earth. Here *Cruelty* ran about, and inspir'd the Keepers to exercise Severity. Within, malicious *Horrors* were buisy, whispering Dread of Execution to the Prisoners, aggravating Captivity and Confinement with reminding them of the Joys of Liberty and Freedom, and torturing them with the Impossibility of Redemption or Escape.

In another View were Swarms of disconsolate Drudges, digging an unfruitful

ful Ground for Sustenance, hemm'd in with Poverty, and a numerous Offspring, clamouring for the Profits faster than they arose, and making Beggary the Issue of Toil: These were haunted with several hideous Spectres, such as *Contempt*, *Debt*, and *Famine*, that gave them no Reprieve from Affliction; setting their State in the most despicable Light, harassing them with the Apprehensions of Arrests, and Prisons, and paining them with the dreadful Thought of wanting Bread, and being reduc'd to the Extreams of Necessity.

I could not cast my Eyes on any Part of the Globe, but some new Scene of Calamity was presented to my Sight. In some Quarters, I saw Wretches with haggard Looks, and an Air of Distracti-on, that would not admit of their Friends Consolation, nor listen to a Syl-lable that tended to perswade them they were in a better Condition than their own Thoughts suggested. These *Melancholy* and *Despair* visited; torturing them, by Day and Night, with the irreparable Misery of their State, prescribing them Halters, Daggers, Poisons, and tempting them to put an End to a Life of Sorrow.

I cannot recount the many Forms and Objects of Distress that arose to my View, nor the Impressions that such Variety of Wretchedness made on my Soul: No more than I can the Pleasures with which I saw the Goddess working against every Scheme of Calamity, and interposing her Aid to make it take different Colours from what it at first wore. She was for ever sending down her Emisaries of Comfort with full Commission to redress Misfortunes. Some were dispatch'd to the Couches of the Sick, and strait some favourable Symptoms of Recovery were found on the Patients. The Physicians then began to speak boldly, and exert the healing Power of their Science; and the Friends that before were almost drown'd in Tears, now wip'd their Eyes, and congratulated the sick Person on a Certainty of his doing well. Others were sent to the Dungeons to mitigate the Inhumanity of the Goalers, and infuse Notions of Pardon and Release into the groaning Captives. Others started out to the Quarters of Poverty, and kindly insinuated Expectations and Probabilities of altering Seasons, of being visited with Plenty, and such other gay Ideas as corrected

the Rigour of their Calamity, put them in a State of Content and Repose, and afforded a Dawn of approaching Happiness.

The most unsuccessful Embassy, that the Goddess's Agents made, was to those Wretches whom Weakness of Faith, and a stubborn Opinion, had drove into the Sentiments of *Melancholy* and *Despair*. These seem'd perversely to reject the Offers of *Hope*, and would only hearken to their own Distemper. Scarce would they suffer the Assurance of Mercy to dispel the Gloom, or shoot any Rays of effective Comfort into their Bosome:

One great Prevention of the Goddess's Influence, was, as I understood, that a Twin-Sister of hers had usurp'd her Office, and betray'd many by *false Hopes*, and *flattering Consolation*. This pretended Deity, to prejudice her Sister in the Opinion of the World, strol'd about, and insinuated to the Distress'd a Thousand Chimerical Means of extricating themselves from Disasters. To her, mistaken Chymists ow'd their Study of the Philosopher's Stone; Projectors attempted to build Castles in the Air; Poets dedicated to great Lords without their Leave; and Tradesmen set up a
Busi-

Business without Stock, or Acquaintance. Her sole Aim was to bring all Confidence on Fortune into Discredit, to make Hope seem at best but a feavourish Dream, and only to be cherish'd by Fools and Madmen.

The Goddess, on the other hand, wherever she was not supplanted by this Impostor, freely bestow'd a real and substantial Assistance: She took care that Reason should govern the Schemes she propos'd for Men's Relief, and so plac'd all their Views of Redress within the Sphere of Probability. She only shew'd Men their Happiness, as Mr. *Dryden* said, *from a rising Ground*, and shorten'd its Distance to make it the more conspicuous.

All that I could gather from this Visionary Description, is, that there are no Inflictions that fall on Mankind but may be alleviated by a proper and regular Hope; and that when we fail of this Care, it is thro' our own Fault, either by fixing a Dependance on the greatest Improbabilities, or suffering our selves to be betray'd by *Chimera's*, from which there is no Possibility of being assisted.

N^o 84. *Saturday, May 4.*

*Quaecunque Mentis agitat infestus Vigor,
Ea per Quietem sacer, & arcanus, refert
Veloxque Sensus. — Senec.*

AMONG the many regular Dispositions of Providence for the Good of his Creatures, the Vicissitude of Day and Night, the Return of Labour and Rest, are the great Hinges upon which their Beings turn, and by which they are preserved in that State we call Life, 'till Time, Accident, or Sicknefs, dissolve the Animal Frame into its first Principles. When the Limbs have been fatigu'd with necessary Action, or the Powers of the Soul blunted by long intense Thinking, the Darkness of the Night-Season interposes to give some Respite to that busy Creature *Man*, and warns him to the Bed of Peace and Ease. It is this happy Succession that revives all our Faculties, new braces the Tone of our Nerves, enlivens our Spirits, and connects the Chain between our past I-

deas,

deas, and those that arise fresh in the Soul after its Passive State of Slumber. On the contrary, the Want, or the partial Enjoyment of this natural Blessing, dulls and weakens the Organs of our Senses, changes and deadens the Aspect, untunes the whole Frame of the Soul, and either leaves it stupidly inactive, or bewildered in the Mazes of irregular Thought. Ask the poor Wretch who is chain'd down to the Bed of Sickness, and unhappily forc'd to count those Hours which with others pass away as no Parts of Time, what he would give to have his Eye-lids sealed with Sleep? and then know the Value of those Minutes we forget, and from which many awake as if those Minutes had never been.

Now as one Third Part at least of our Lives is consum'd in that Portion of our Existence, which we term *Sleep*, so it is of great moment to us to preserve those Hours in that calm Serenity, for which the Author of our Being has appointed them. There is but one certain Way of making this Space answer the great Design of God and Nature, (and that I suppose my Reader is beforehand with me in settling) an Innocent Virtuous Course of Life. The Day by

its glittering Shows, its multiplicity of Business, Hurry, and Diversion, may rake off and divert the Thoughts from that Reflection which becomes a Rational Creature, the Examination of his own Actions. The Voluptuous may grow giddy in the Circle of his Pleasures, the Sott make a Truce with his Reason, and the Avaricious be sweetly interrupted from the Pungency of ill-gotten Gain, while the *Sun* displays Objects enough to them to amaze, please, or satisfy their different Appetites. But that *Sun* must set, the Pleasures of the Day must end either in a total Forgetfulness of the Enjoyments it gave, or some unlucky Traces of the Guilt it contracted. It may happen indeed (and it too often does) that we may encroach upon the Divisions of Nature, and, by splitting the Seasons of Rest and Labour unequally, make the one supply what we have stolen from the other. But a Course of this kind must be short, and as it inverts the Order of Providence, so must it soon conclude in the Destruction of the Agent. This therefore being of no Consequence to the general Argument, I submit to my Reader these few Reflections.

First,

First, That if we consider *Sleep* as appropriated to give a Recruit to our Spirits, and make us move more briskly in that Sphere of Action which is allotted to us, whether (without including the Accidents of bodily Indisposition) it is not a wise Course to ensure such a Space of our Existence to our selves, without the Interruption of real or fantastical Disturbances. Indeed, as to the Sense of the Sufferer, it is of no Importance whether those terrible Images, which afflict either the watchful or the dreaming Man, ought not to be ridiculed, expell'd from the Thoughts, or imputed to his Weakness: for it is sufficient that they have the Effects of *Horror*, *Terror*, and all those disquiet Passions which must torment him during the Time they are predominant. The *Hobbiſts* will tell him that there are *Phantaſms* of a sickly Mind, arising from a customary Fearfulness, and that their Impressions depend merely on the Force they permit them to have over their Understandings: But if the Philosophers of this Sect could subdue these Effects from their Way of Reasoning in the waking Subject, are they sure they shall not recurr in the Dreamer? And if they do, is not he as

H. S. miser.

miserable upon their Scheme, while these Powers act upon him, as he would be upon any other? But if by this Concession we suppose it upon an Equality with the *Good* and the *Bad*, that is, that the Terrors of Visionary Images may as often happen to the Virtuous as to the Vicious, yet their Effects are at the same time unequal. The One connects them with the foregoing Actions of his Life, traces their Dependance, and punishes himself with an After-Reflection; With the Other, as they arise from no preceding Self-Consciousness of Guilt, so they are followed by no subsequent Act of Compunction.

Again, it would be worth while to examine, whether according to the general Ideas Mankind conceive of things it can ever be possible so to erase these Traces of our Actions, as not to influence the Faculties of the Mind, at the Time of Rest. Mr. *Hobbs*, the boasted Champion of *Free-thinking*, the Router of Imaginary Fears and Delusions, seems to have allowed too much against his own *Hypothesis*. He thinks, for Instance, that the *Apparition* of *Cæsar's Ghost*, which *Brutus* saw, arose from nothing but the Reflections which a busy Mind worked up,

up, and dressed out to frighten it self, and that the Force of it continued so long after being awake, that it represented the same Form he had seen in his Dream. If He grants it, as indeed he does, to have been the Effect of a Self-conscious Guilt, of what Use is it to teach a Man not to mind it, unless he could propose a rational Method to avoid its Consequences, or prove Guilt to be no Guilt?

When I am upon this Thought, I cannot avoid falling upon those fine Passages of *Shakespear* on this Occasion, who as he drew always from Nature, gives in this Place so much the better Testimony. When the Ghosts of those *Richard III.* has murdered have passed the Stage, what a mixed Soliloquy of Hardiness and Fear does the Murderer make, when he is starting from his *Sleep*!

*Give me another Horse—bind up my Wounds,
Have Mercy, Jesu—soft, I did but dream.
O Coward Conscience, how dost Thou af-
flict me?*

*The Light burns blue——Is it not dead Mid-
night?*

*Cold fearful Drops stand trembling on my
Flesh.*

On

On the contrary, *Richmond* awakes with Images the Reverse of these, and expresses himself accordingly.

*The sweetest Sleep, and fairest boding
Dreams,
That ever entred in a drowsie Head:
I promise you my Heart is very jocund,
In the Remembrance of so Fair a Dream.*

I need only put these Contrast Pictures to shew my Reader the exquisite Justness, as well as Beauty of the Poet's Thoughts: I have before proposed the Means, how his own Morning Expressions may resemble those of the latter, or those of *Marcia* in *Cato*.

Sweet are the Slumbers of the Virtuous Man.

It will not, I hope, be any Offence, if I mention a more exalted Poet than these, and that is *David*; who after making it a Question, which way a certain Steady Frame of Mind, and a True Quiet should be obtained, resolves it into a Dependance upon Providence; concluding that He would then *lay him down in Peace and sleep; a Peace of Mind which as certainly followed from that*
Reliance,

Reliance, as Sleep and Ease did from that *Peace of Mind*.

N^o 85. *Tuesday, May 7.*

*Hocine est humanum Factum, aut Inceptum?
hocine Officium patris?*

*Proh Delum, atque Hominum fidem! quid
est, si non hæc Contumelia est? Ter.*

BEING often called upon to perform a Promise I made a long time since, of giving an *Essay on Forced and Unequal Marriages*, and finding too many have just Occasion to remember a Subject by which they are Sufferers, I am now going to comply with their Request.

Absolute *Force* in the Disposal of our Persons, is contrary to all the Laws both of Nature and Reason, and supposes us in the Conditions of Slaves to be sold at the Pleasure of the Owner, with the poor Prospect of mending our State by the transferring of the Tyranny into a gentler Hand. No Person ever had, or can have a natural Right over another to make him *Miserable*, since such a Right
must

must defeat the very End of his Being, as it is contradictory to the Attributes of a good Power, ever to make Affliction necessary to its Creatures. To create, merely to lay the Thing created under the severe Penalty of unavoidable Calamity, is to frame the most unworthy Notions of the Supreme Being, and is so far from being a Foundation for Obedience and Duty, that it infuses into us rather Sentiments of Horrour, and Aversion. If then, the Supreme Power has taken no such Right over the Works of his Hands, we may be assured he has given no such Right to any other, since such a Commission would be the same thing in Effect where-ever it was lodged, and would equally charge the Notions of Cruelty on the most Beneficent Being. That Power which the Laws and Customs of some particular Nations have given up, or suffered to be ravished from them, into the Hands of either *Prince* or *Parent*, is no Rule in this Case, they being only so many Corruptions of the indisputable Law of Natural Justice, and so many Deviations from the Divine Pattern. Particular States may, and have dealt out Power very unequally, allowed too much in one Place, and too little in another;

another; but tho' by such Proceedings natural Right has been oppressed, yet it was never *altered*, and the best we can say of those Kinds of Government, that granted this extravagant Privilege to *Parents*, is that this Tyrannical Concession proceeded from some extraordinary Reasons of which we are not Judges, and was seldom exercised in that full Extent Historians would make us believe it was. One substantial Argument for this Opinion, I think may be drawn from Human Nature, which, however Human Laws and Passions vary, must and will in all Times continue the same, and produce uniform Effects. That natural Love from the Parent to the Child, which is implanted in the Breast of the whole Species, must often abate the Rigour of Custom, and make the Laws of Humanity triumph over those of a barbarous Legislature. So that tho' this Privilege might be given to All, yet it is probable it was taken by Few.

As I have endeavoured to prove absolute Force unnatural, unjust, and impracticable, so I shall not go so far on the other Hand, as to leave the whole Power in the Hands of Head-strong Passion, and untutor'd Self-will, on the
side

side of our Children. There certainly is, and ought to be in every Nation, a *Coercive Power* in the Possession of the *Parents*, by which I mean, a Power to prevent their own or their *Issues* Ruin, Disgrace, and Misery, which they are obliged to endeavour by the great Law of Self-preservation. Our Care extends to our Off-spring as a Part of our selves, there being as natural a Dependance between us, as there is between the Root and the Branch, the Fountain and the Stream. As the Parent is placed first in the Order of Time, as Nature teaches him to preserve and cherish, and Reason and Law give him a Superiority over his own Family, so it is but Justice to think he must on the great Occasions of Misery, and Happiness, exert that Power which is his own by so many Titles.

In applying this *Coercive Power* of Parents to the Case of *Matrimony*, we may confine it to two Parts. The first is the Rule of *Direction*, that is, the signifying their lawful Will in general, without confining the Choice of the Child to any Individual, and this is a Right which surely they may claim. A *Father*, for Instance, that advises his Son to pick out of the great Variety, there may be of
the

the same Condition, one Woman whose Fortune falls within such a Compass, and whose Qualities of Mind arise to such a Pitch; in this Case the Son has but little to plead to extenuate his Disobedience, if he does not comply with the Paternal Direction. He will object, perhaps, that it is impossible for him to form his Passion by the Fancy of another, and then it is, that Reason, Perswasion, and all the soft Inducements that become a Parent to make use of, ought to second the Advice of Authority. I very well know that whimsical Passion *Love*, or Liking, has been reckoned in all Ages very unaccountable, but I am sure at the same time, that it was the most whimsical Tribe in the World that have said so, the *Poets*: who are very much to be suspected as Parties in the Case, and as only making an Apology for their own Follies by imputing them to Mankind in general. If as much Care had been taken to record the Histories of a Sober and Rational Compliance with the Dictates of Paternal Authority, as there has been the mad and unequal Matches of fantastical Lovers, it is to be hoped the Catalogues would be pretty near equal in Number. But these were unfit for the glittering
 Images

Images of Poetry, and the magnified Power of their silly Idol the God of Love. But not to digress on that Theme:

——— When the Admonitions of Tenderness, and the weighty Counsels of Experience have no Effect on the Mind, then it is time to apply that other Branch of their Right, their *Restrictive Power*.

Now no one would blame a Parent that wrested a Dagger from the Hand of his Child, that hindred him from being imposed on by Villains, or diverted him from Courses of nevitab^le Destruction; and yet the youthful part of the World are continually complaining of their Interposition between them and Ruin, in the Point of Wedlock. Surely it is the same Thing to the Parent from whatsoever Quarter Calamity arises, he being certain of his Portion of Wretchedness, without contributing to cause the Evil. Indeed, to a considerate Mind the *Death* it self of the dearest Person to us is a less terrible Object, than a lengthned Thread of Misery, spun out before the Eyes of the Spectator. What then remains for a wretched Parent to do in such Circumstances? Is he to humour every Turn of youthful Appetite to the surfeiting it with its own fatal Choice,
and

and in the Article of the quickest sense of Distress, comfort himself with *May-be's* and *Possibilities*? Is Reason and Judgment to make so precious a Sacrifice to Fancy and Vanity? If we cannot in justice affirm it must, then we are to look out for a Cure of this Affliction, and here the Parental Power strikes in for its own Security.

Here an affected Distance, Frowns, and a seeming Suspension of natural Love take place, the Eye, the Brow, and every little Motion chide and correct the Want of Duty, or mourn for the Loss of Power. If these Signs fail of making a due Impression, and the Violence of Passion leaps over the Line of Obedience, then certainly common Sense requires severer Methods, and the Reins of Authority must be held tighter to check the Hastiness of undisciplin'd Inclination. This is the Season when the Threatnings of Loss of Favour succeed, when actual Resentment ought to work by visible Testimonies, such as the Encouragement of distant Relatives, the shortning of Fortune commences, and future Expectations are either lessen'd, or entirely lost. Such an Exercise of the *Restrictive Power* of Parents seems to be but
mere

mere Justice, and perhaps is but necessary in all Common-wealths, as it leaves Examples to forewarn others, and as it often reduces the Extravagance of Passion within the Bounds of Reason. But for all this, I cannot come into those unnatural Sentiments of quite abandoning our Children from a Crime of this nature, a Thousand Allowances, which no *Casuis*t can think of, being to be made according as the Circumstances vary. I will only say, that by such a barbarous Treatment, we expose them sooner to that Misery which we pretended to make them avoid, and in effect make their *Unhappiness* our own Choice, as well as theirs.

It being impossible for me to bring all I have to say on this Subject within the compass of my Paper, I shall desire my Reader to be contented till another time, and recollect that I entirely disallow *Compulsion* in *Love-affairs*, and have endeavour'd to put the Paternal Authority upon a reasonable Foundation, without mixing it with too much Severity, or softning it with a ruinous Fondness. As I cannot be of the humour of the old Clown in one Play, who comes up to Town to *sell his Cattle*, and *match his Son* with the same stupid View of driving
ing

ing a Bargain to Advantage on each side :
 so I can't approve of *Miss's* forward Measures in another, who would chuse to marry *Robin the Butler*, when the Fit is upon her, rather than *want a Husband*. The Consequences of *Forc'd and Unequal Marriages*, as it is a mournful and instructive Picture, I hope I shall draw in such Colours as to deserve a serious and critical View from the green and hasty Lovers of our Days, and not a little oblige the Directors of their future Happiness, or Misery in a Matrimonial State.

N^o 86. *Thursday, May 9.*

*Exemplo junctæ tibi sint in Amore Columbae,
 Masculus & totum femina Conjugium.*
 Proper.

THE last of my Speculations was on the Subject of *forc'd Marriages*, which I treated with a particular Regard to the *Paternal Jurisdiction* in the Disposal of their Children; reserving to another Paper the fatal Consequences of such Matches, deriv'd from the Aversion
 or

or Indifference of either Party. I do not mean wholly to pursue this Theme at present, tho' possibly, I may touch on one signal Inconvenience which I could wish did not sometimes happen betwixt Couples that have come together without any Compulsion. I mean, however, to entertain my self with a gayer Prospect, and paint a Scene in which *Hymen* boasts his Triumphs, and, that is, in a happy State of Matrimony.

Without entering into the Dispute of the Superiour Merit of *Virginity*, I shall presume to set *Marriage* on an Equality with it, tho' not a Member of this Order my self; and am of Opinion that the Comforts and Pleasures which arise from this Portion of Life, supposing the Union to be such as it ought to be, are infinitely more strong and exquisite than any that can be tasted in *Celibacy*. The Human Species was created for Society, and the greatest Pleasure of our Society is centred in a Cordial Friendship: Then, to deduce it further, where can this Friendship be in so high a Perfection, as where the Interests and Affections are entirely the same, where Love is every Day heighten'd by the most tender Endearments, and by those Pledges, granted

ed by the Indulgence of Heaven, in which Parents trace their youthful images, and look back with Pleasure on the Transports of their early Passion? The Discouragements that They, who turn the Perspective, make to this State, are the Certainty of Cares that attend it, the Restrictions that are essential to our Conduct, which must restrain our Extravagancies, and break in on the Circle of our freer Pleasures. These are Terrors that, upon a due Consideration, can only scare the *Libertines* of One Sex, and the *Coquets* of the Other: The Degrees either of Lewdness, or Gallantry, being inconsistent with the Pursuit of Happiness in Wedlock.

The Three Main Requisites, for Persons that determine to make a Double Life a State of Satisfaction and Enjoyment, are a proper *Constitution* of *Body*, a proper *Frame* and *Temper* of *Mind*, and a certain and regular Habit of *Morality*: For, in this Last, I would be thought to include all the Rules which the higher Duty of Religion prescribes.

As to the *Body*, if the *Constitution* be vicious, Constancy and Faith are as little to be expected, as the Blood to be cool, and Pulses regular in the high Fit
of

of a Fever. Imagination then will be ever for shifting the Object; Inclination and Tenderness grow wavering and desultory: And every Start and Transport of the Spirits will make us sicken and pall on our Domestick Pleasures. The Eye can never be fix'd, nor the Heart faithful where there is an Intemperance boiling in the Blood; and those that labour under this Unhappiness, could not be constant in their Affections to One, tho' she were possess'd of *Venus's Girdle* and all the *Graces*. On the other hand, a Man with an even and temperate Constitution finds not those pernicious Motives to Change; his Fancy and Appetite are more confin'd and constant, and where-ever he makes a Present of his Heart, he seldom lets it entertain any *Ideas* that may lessen the Merit of his Gift. This makes the Face and Attractions, that have once given him Pleasure, always the same to him: Nor do they, even when Age weakens their Charms, lose any thing of their Beauty or Esteem in his Thoughts.

The proper Frame and Temper of Mind, requisite to Happiness, may in part depend on the Constitution, as the Passions are strongly influenc'd by the Humours:

Humours: But are mightily to be corrected by Reason and Judgment. There are a Thousand little Circumstances in Conduct, and Family Accidents, that, if a Man cannot command his Temper, and prevail with himself to make Allowances, will make him every Moment sower and morose; give him little Picques that turn the Stream of his Affection, and cause him to reflect, with Uneasiness, on his Folly for involving himself in a State of Anxiety. These Men of uncorrected Tempers, if they have not Wives, still will not want Aggravations of Disquiet: they work up Uneasiness from their own Acrimony, and ill Nature never wants its Matter to feed on. But a Man either naturally of a sweet Disposition, or one who by his Sense and Philosophy can give Reins to his Passion, is never fond of Cavil and Contradiction; he looks on the common Occurrences of Life with Ease, and Satisfaction; will not let a little Misfortune, or Misconduct, tempt him to betray a Weakness, or discompose the Serenity of his Temper. The Wife of such a Man is always a Bride; his Tenderness and Passion are still new, and undecayed; she suffers no Diminution from the Fickleness

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of his Humour; nor are their Endearments broken and interrupted by Controversies and Animosities, too frequent amongst People of an unguarded Temper, that give way to every trifling Provocation, and embrace the slightest Occasions of promoting their Unhappiness.

A regular Habit of Morality is full as necessary, as these other Ingredients, to the Composition of Happiness. The Perswasion that unwavering Love and Constancy are our Duty, that they are Ornaments to our Character, as Lewdness and Inconstancy are our Infamy, puts us on the Pursuit of sincere Satisfaction lodg'd in that Duty, and instructs Us that Happiness cannot dwell but with Virtue. By these Considerations our Pleasures are refin'd; we view the Partner of our Bosoms as an Instrument in our Bliss and Tranquility; this makes us fond of cherishing such a Blessing, and gives us a thousand mutual Ideas of Tendernefs and Transport. A Man that views his Wife in this Light, has all the World in the sole Possession of her; the Change of Place and Seasons have no Variety but by participating them with her, and in such Company a Grange is delightful as a Palace, and a troubled Sky

Sky equivalent to the brightest Sunshine.
I cannot help inserting here that beautiful Passage in *Milton*, where *Eve* expresses so Elegant a Satisfaction in the Society of *Adam*.

*With Thee conversing, I forget all Time,
All Seasons and their Change, all please a-
like.*

*Sweet is the Breath of Morn, her Rising
sweet,*

*With Charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the
Sun,*

*When first on this delightful Land he spreads
His orient Beams, on Herb, Tree, Fruit,
and Flow'r,*

*Glist'ring with Dew: fragrant the fertile
Earth*

*After soft Showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild, the silent Night
With this her solemn Bird, and this fair
Moon,*

*And these the Gems of Heav'n, her starry
Train.*

*But neither Breath of Morn, when she as-
cends*

*With Charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun
On this delightful Land, nor Herb, Fruit,
Flower,*

*Glitt'ring with Dew, nor Fragrance after
 Show'rs,
 Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night,
 With this her solemn Bird, nor Walk by
 Moon,
 Or glitt'ring Star-light, without Thee is
 sweet.*

We have here a Prospect of our first Parents in the Perfection of their Love; and, I believe, we can scarce attain a closer View of the Joys in Paradise, than from the Union and uninterrupted Satisfaction of a virtuous Couple. We owe most of our Ideas of Things, as good or bad, to Comparison of them with Others: and nothing could set out the Bliss of the Conjugal State, where Virtue triumphs, to more Advantage, than to survey the Curses and Perplexities that attend it, where the Flame is sullied o'er with Vice and Inconstancy. But as this will be compriz'd in my Essay on *unequal Marriages*, I shall here forbear the Description. I shall only remark on this Subject, what a Curse and Infamy the Antients look'd upon it, to have an *unfaithful Partner* of our Bed. It was one of the Execrations of the Old Times, That wicked Men's Wives might defile their
 Beds;

Beds; and *Homer* teaches Us, that when the *Greeks* and *Trojans* ratified a Treaty of Peace by Oath, *Cuckoldom* was One of the Punishments which they wish'd might fall on the Violaters of that Treaty:

Ἀλογοὶ δ' ἄλλοισι μιγᾷσι.

The *Lacedæmonians*, when they bore any Grudge, gave a greater Extent in cursing their Enemy, that he might be plagued with the *Itch of Building*, be *extravagant* in his *Cloaths* and *Equipage*, and have a *Gallant* to injure him in his *Wife*, the greatest Aggravation of their Resentment. I shall conclude with a Maxim of *Portius Cato*, the Great Roman CENSOR, who used to say, *Nulam Adulteram non Eandem esse Veneficam*; That no Woman who could be base Enough to be an *Adulteress*, but would *poison* her Husband on Occasion.



N° 87. *Saturday, May 11.*

Quæ jam cecidère,—— Hor.

AS I frequently make *Dramatick* Performances the Entertainment of my idler Hours, so, to render them as profitable to Me as I can, I ever, after a Play, sit down and reflect at home on what I have seen on the Stage. I confess, one must be pretty curious in the Choice of a Play, to find what may be either an Improvement to our Morals, or of Use in our Conduct. I speak, in particular, with Regard to those *Drama's* that have been brought on of late Years: And I wish I could not say that where the *Poet* has done his Part, the *Players* sometimes so much mistake the Nature of the Character they are to represent, or their own Strength, that the Entertainment makes not half the Impression it would do, were it judiciously perform'd.

In either of these Respects, where the *Poet* or *Player* visibly are deficient in their

their Duty, I cannot help carrying back my Thoughts to Antiquity, and taking a View of *Writing* and *Action*, as they stood in the Times of *Miltiades*, or *Augustus*.

In this Retrospection, with Regard to the Poets, I am surpriz'd to see how much *Emulation*, and a Thirst after *Praise*, got the Start of our modern *Candidates* for *Profit*. What glorious Performances we have left in *Tragedy* and *Comedy*, which were written at a Time when a *Goat*, a *Basket of Figs*, or a *Flaggon of Wine* were all, besides Applause, which the Writers were to expect for their Labour: And what feeble and ignoble Productions do we now see, even when the Authors are spirited up with the Expectation of a *Third Night's* Income, and worry their Friends, and their Friend's Friends, by a *Ticket-Contribution*.

Among the several Causes to which this Decay of Genius, may be attributed it is One, that every Smatterer in Learning, with a little Portion of Spirit, and less Knowledge of the Stage, attempts a Composition, which he calls a *Tragedy*: It has been the Vice of the Times, ever since *Horace's* Age, for the Pretenders to Learning, as well as the really

I 4 Learned,

Learned, to put in their Claim to the Province of Poetry.

Scribimus indocti, doctique Poemata passim.

The Difficulties which these *Usurpers* in *Wit* meet with to get their Plays receiv'd by the Theatre, and, when receiv'd, to make them stand the Test of an Audience, have mightily discourag'd more able Writers to tread in the same Path. Our Nation, we are convinc'd, has Genius's equal to this Noble Task, if some private Reasons did not dissuade them from exercising their Talent. I believe, I shall start no new Opinion, whether this be One of their Reasons or no, in asserting that the *Art of Acting* is shrunk to a very low Ebb. And tho' we may boast at this Time, some few of the Profession eminent for their Success in particular Characters, yet they have not that *Variety* in their Compass, as not to complain that several Parts are *quite out of their Way*: Whereas a compleat and accomplish'd *Actor*, like *Proteus*, should be a Master of all Shapes.

The Design of exhibiting Plays, from the Beginning, was more for Instruction than Amusement; and all will agree the Influences

Influences of Instruction must be greatest, when the *Address* and *Emphasis*, with which it is deliver'd, strike upon Nature so forcibly, as to make it self first admir'd, and, from that Impression, remember'd, and practis'd. The attaining this End, then, cannot lye more on the Poet in the *Choice* and *Conduct* of his *Fable*, than on the *Actor's Gesture*, and *Knowledge* of his *Business*, the just *Modulation* of his *Voice*, and his Propriety in *raising* and *sinking* the *Passions*. The Impressions that have been made from a happy Excellence in these Particulars have produced great Effects in all Ages; a noble Emulation has been set a working, from seeing a Hero perform with proper Dignity; and many a generous Passion been kindled up, from a Lover's Sufferings and Conduct artfully imitated. It would be a very good private History, could we know all the Actions that have sprung successively from this Head; how many Stratagems of War, how many Steps in Policy, how many Adventures of Love, and Turns in Intrigue have ow'd their Rise to the Impressions made from seeing like Circumstances naturally transacted in the Scene. The *Athenian* Lawgiver was sufficiently aware of the

I 5 Force

Force of these Influences; and, to trouble my Readers with no more than one Example, I'll give it them from no worse an Authority than That of *Plutarch*. When *Thespis* had with Difficulty got Leave of *Solon* to exhibit his Plays, he brought on One in which *Ulysses*, the better to gain some End, wounds himself with his own Sword. *Pisistratus*, who, at that Time, had made himself Tyrant of *Athens*, but thought himself not secure enough in his Government, soon after wounded himself; and, pretending that he was set on by his Enemies, entreated the People to grant him a Guard. *Solon*, who more than suspected from what Example the Tyrant had borrow'd this Stratagem, told him, *You do not act, says he, the Part of Ulysses well; for he wounded himself to deceive his Enemies; but you, to deceive your own Countrymen.*

That such Impressions have been made, more than once, strong enough to influence our Conduct, needs no great Demonstration to prove: And I shall quote the Opinion of one whom we must acknowledge a Judge in these Matters: I mean *Shakespeare*, who says in *Hamlet*.

———*I have heard*

*That Guilty Creatures, sitting at a Play,
Have by the very Cunning of the Scene
Been struck so to the Soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their Malefactions.*

I confess, all this seems to turn the Work upon the Poet's Hands, and lay the Stress of the Motions made in the Spectators alone upon the Penning and Conduct of the Scene: But we must consider, that few or no Audiences are made up all of Judgment, or have a Taste nice enough to distinguish the Poet's Art: Most come with a Partiality and Prepossession to some Actor's Character, the Notion they have from Report, or Experience, of his playing such a Part; and these generally confine all their Observations, and Passions, to what they hear him speak, and see him represent. If then the Poet should have plac'd the Cunning of his Scene, or strength of the Passion in other Hands, he is sure to have it pass unregarded, and make no Impression; because, as the same great Poet has in another Place observ'd,

———*The Eyes of Men,*

*After a well grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are*

*Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his Prattle to be tedious.*

Mr. *Echard*, I remember, makes one of the Grounds for the Contempt of the Clergy to be their Poverty and Mean-ness of Education; and the great Decay of Acting, in this Age, may be owing to the same Springs. The Persons that, for the generality, supply the Business of the Theatre, are such as have been first displeas'd with the Professions to which they were design'd; and who, being caught with the Gaiety and Figure of the Stage, list in the Service without the least Knowledge either of *Action*, or *Utterance*; and are so far from being acquainted with *Oratory*, that 'tis not easie to make them keep within the Bounds of *Grammar*.

The Government of the Stage being in private Hands, and the *Legislature*, that in some Things is as unreasonably precise as the *old Fathers*, having plac'd this Science in a Light of Infamy, contribute not a little to Its being no better furnish'd; so that the noblest and most instructive Diversion may be lost, for Want of the State's taking it under its Direction, and commissioning Offi-

cers

cers to see it kept up to the Dignity, and Decorum of its first Design.

In *Greece* the Profession of an *Actor* was far from being scandalous: And they were chose out of the best Families to this Employment: Thus their Stage was furnish'd with Men of Learning and Ingenuity, with Orators and Poets; and their Excellence in speaking was so great, that *Demosthenes* is allow'd to have learnt from them the Art of *Pronunciation*: and *Æschines*, the next Orator in Reputation to him, play'd *Tragedy* in his younger Years. In such Reputation the Players then stood, that some of them were chosen Generals, others Civil Officers: And *Aristodemus* particularly was commission'd from *Athens* to treat with *Philip* about Peace and War.

With Us, they being neither of this Rank, nor Reputation, the Word *Player* has unhappily been brought into such Contempt, that People of Integrity and Discretion prefer any Business for their Children to that of the Stage; and make it a Cause of Heart-breaking, if they find their Inclinations lean but that Way. This Distaste is founded on two Causes, Pride in the Parents, and a Fear
of

of their Children's Corruption of Manners. I fear we shall not easily be brought off from these Prejudices, 'till the Business stands in a more honourable Degree, Statutes are repeal'd to give them Countenance, and their own Morals and Conduct recommend them to Company and fair Opinion. I find now if a Man of Character and Principles is concern'd in this Profession, tho' he make never so good a Figure on the Stage, Men say of him as *Cicero* did of *Roscius*, *He is too good to be there: —*

But the Orator's Sentiment and Expression is remarkable, and therefore I shall give it my Readers as a Maxim. *Etenim cum Artifex ejusmodi sit, ut solus dignus videatur esse, qui in Scenâ spectetur; tum Vir ejusmodi est, ut solus dignus videatur, qui cò non accedat.*

Tuesday,

N^o 88. *Tuesday, May 14.*

*Et teneri possis Carmen legisse Propertî,
Sive aliquid Galli, sive, Tibulle, tuum.*
Ovid.

IF it were not a Piece of Justice, which too many are Strangers to, to give an impartial unextorted Praise to the Writings of others, I should be content with the silent Admiration of good Performances: But as the Matter stands betwixt the Ignorant, and the Ill-natured, Merit is in Danger of being entirely disregarded, and Folly has a fairer Chance than ever it had in any Age to get the Start of it, or usurp its Place. If my Interposition may avail any thing on the fair and good-natured Side, I shall think I have done some Service to the Memory of the *Dead*, without flattering the *Living*, by giving that *Donum Famæ* which is due to every excellent Composition. There are Two now lying before me, which tho' they need not my Recommendation,

dation, I cannot forbear giving a Taste of, for the Entertainment of my Reader.

The first is a Reviv'd Collection of *Poems* of the Earl of *Surrey*, Sir *Thomas Wiat*, and some other of their Contemporaries, who have stood the Test of about a *Century* and an *half*; and who, tho' under the Disadvantage of a Language not entirely polish'd, will, from their Strokes of Nature, deserve to please in every Age. The Publisher of them tells us, Sir *Philip Sidney* pass'd a very favourable Judgment on them; and I will appeal to the Opinion of the present Times, by giving a Quotation from one beautiful Sonnet, from whence they may be convinc'd of the Delicacy of the others. It is entituled, *A Complaint of the Absence of her Lover being on the Seas*.

*Alas! how oft in Dreams I see
Those Eyes that were my Foode,
Which sometime so delyted me,
That yet they do me goode.
Wherewith I wake with his return
Whose absent Flame dyd make me burne,
But when I fynde the lacke, Lord, how
[I mourne!*

When

*When other Lovers in armes acrossse
 Rejoyce their encchyfe Delight;
 Drowned in Tears to mourne my Losse,
 I stand the bytter Nyghte
 In my Window, where I may see
 Before the Wyndes how the Cloudes flee,
 Lo! what a Mariner Love hath made me.*

*And in grene Waves when the salt Floode
 Doth rise by Rage of wynde,
 A thousand Fancies in that Moode
 Assayle my restlessse Minde:
 Alas! how drencheth my Sweet so
 That wythe the Spoyle of my hart did go,
 And left me (but, alas!) why did he so?*

*And when the Seas were calme agayne,
 To chase from me annoye,
 My doubtful Hope doth cause my playne,
 So Drede cuts off my Joye.
 Thus in my Wealth myngled with Woe,
 And of eche thought a doubt doth growe,
 Now he comes! will he come? alas! no.*

My next Present is from a Gentleman
 who has translated the fine *Elegies* of *Ti-
 bullus*, and given me Leave to print the
Fifth of the *first* Book, which is indeed
 my Favourite; it being the most natu-
 ral Description of the variable Passions
 of

of a Lover that ever I read. The Starts in the Transitions may be reckon'd by our Dabblers in Poetry as a Fault, but are indeed one of the greatest Beauties. It was made upon a *Quarrel* with his *Mistress*; the Circumstances are easie and moving, the Wishes seem to come from the Bottom of the Heart as well as the Curses, and it is wound up at the Conclusion with a very gallant and humorous Reflection both on his *Mistress* and his *Rival*.

TO DELIA.

IN a hot Fit, I boasted I could bear
 A Woman's Anger, and despise the Fair:
 But Coward I am all unmann'd again,
 A sudden Frenzy works my madding Brain.
 Raging I move, like whirling Tops, around,
 Which sportive Boys keep giddy on the Ground.
 Punish my Pride, and teach me by my Pain
 To use my Mistress in an humbler Strain:
 Yet spare me, by our Joys I beg for Grace,
 By Venus, by thy own more lovely Face!

For I, when wasting Sickness seiz'd my Fair,
 Sav'd the dear Suff'rer by my happy Pray'r;
 Then, when the Beldam, with extended Arms,
 Stretch'd on the Ground, and mutter'd o'er her
 Charms;

I purified thee round with Sulph'rous Streams,
 I burnt the Barley-Cake to guard thy Dreams.

Nine

*Nine times, all loosely drest, with Vows Divine
At Midnight I address'd Diana's Shrine.*

*All things I did, that could my Passion prove,
And yet,----Another now enjoys my Love.*

*His is the Harvest of my constant Cares,
And His the Fruit of my successful Pray'rs.*

*But I, poor Wretch, if thou wert well again,
Flatter'd my self with golden Dreams, in vain.---
I fancied how I would from Town retreat,
And carry Delia to my Country-Seat.*

*She will, I cry'd, o'erlook my Harvest-Store,
While the full Ears are grinding on the Floor.*

*She, while the Workmen at the Vintage toil,
Will guard the Casks, and on the Pressers smile;*

*Or learn to count my Flock upon the Plain,
Or grow familiar with my Household Train,*

*Hear my Slaves prattle, let the playful Boy
Lean on her Breast, and with his Mistress toy:*

Or condescend to learn, at leisure Hours,

To bring fit Off'rings to the Rural Pow'rs;

Grapes at the Vintage, Corn at Harvest bear,

And give a Victim for the woolly Care.

May She rule all my House, I careless roam,

Happy in being No body at home!

Hither shalt thou, Messala, come; for Thee

Delia shall cull the fairest, choicest Tree:

She, with Officious Pride, shall still attend,

And spread the Table for my noble Friend:

And, in Regard of his exalted State,

Herself turn Servant, and in Person wait;

Such was the Scheme of Pleasure I design'd,

But, ah! my Pray'rs are scatter'd by the Wind.

Since This, I try'd to drink away my Cares;

But cruel Grief turn'd ev'ry Draught to Tears.

As

*As often have I try'd Another's Kifs;
 But, in the Moment of approaching Blifs,
 Venus-reminded Me of Delia's Charms,
 And left me languid in the Fair One's Arms.
 The disappointed Dame my Weakness tells,
 Then says, that I am curs'd by Magick Spells.
 And curs'd I am; my Curses are the Charms
 Of Delia's Hair, and Neck, and waxen Arms.
 Such was fair Thetis, when the Sea-green Dame
 To Peleus on a bridled Dolphin came.*

*But my Misfortune is, a Wealthy Fool,
 And a damn'd Bawd have made me Delia's Tool.
 For the damn'd Bawd, may Poyson taint her Blood,
 May rotten Carcasses be all her Food!*

*May Screech-Owls fright her with their Mid-
 night Cryes,*

And wailing Spectres skim before her Eyes!

*May She the bitter Pangs of Hunger feel,
 Rob Dog-Kennels, and Graves to make a Meal!
 May She howl Mad, and Naked thro' the Town,
 And rav'nous Blood-hounds hunt the Beldam
 down!*

*This to the Bawd: Ye Gods, regard my Pray'r,
 And, lo! they do: For Lovers are their Care.*

Neglected Truth a sure Resentment draws:

And Venus will revenge the faithful Cause.

*But Thou, my Fair, the Bawd's Advice re-
 move,*

For Gold and Presents are the Bane of Love.

The Poor will ever on thy Side attend,

The truest Lover, and sincerest Friend,

He'll be your Guard, conduct you safe along,

Free from the Rudeness of the pressing Throng.

He to conceal your Pleasures will descend,

Nay, help undress you for a private Friend.

Alas!

*Alas! I sing in vain; in vain I wait,
Money, not Words, must move the stubborn Gate.*

*But Thou, now happy in my Delia's Smiles,
I warn Thee, fence against thy Rival's Wiles:
Fortune is light, and often changes Hands;
Ee'n Now, with some Design that Fellow stands,
Who watches at her Gate with careful Eyes,
And now before, and now behind Him spies;
Passes the House with a pretended Haste,
And in a little Time returns as fast,
And hems, before the Door, at ev'ry Cast.
Inventive Love designs some artful Plot,
Some Stratagem of War, I know not What.
But You improve your Minutes, while you may,
Yet know, you anchor in a doubtful Bay.*

N^o 89. *Thursday, May 16.*

Ἔστι δ' ἀνδρὲς Νῆν ἔχοντες μὴ τὴν εὐπορίαν ἀ-
γαπᾶν. Isocrat.

THE Two Essays which I have given the Publick of late on the Subject of Marriage, I find have not only diverted, but contributed to promote a Correspondence from my Female Readers. I am sorry I should begin to invite them to my Assistance, at a Time when I am preparing to drop my own Pen, and must

must of Consequence lose half the Pleasure resulting from their Pacquets. The Forwardness of the Year, and Gaiety of a Season, that shews Nature in her brightest and most gawdy Equipage, will insensibly alienate the Inclinations of my Readers, or at least draw them from this Winter Residence, the 'Town, and so from longer conversing with Me. I confess, it might give my Vanity some Satisfaction, if I could be assur'd, that the Polite Youths and Beauties of this Kingdom would want their *Censor* in their Silvan Retirements, and wish for the Amusement of my Lucubrations in their Hours of Refreshment, and to give a Relish to their *green Fruit*. Nor does it seem unreasonable to suppose that I may sometimes be kindly wish'd for in this Season of Absence, when the Sun is grown too hot for more active Pleasures, when the Groves are too solitary, and a Damp to Conversation, or when the Rural Neighbours lengthen out the Expectation of a promis'd Visit, and make the impatient Nymph desirous of Entertainment.

I say could I be assur'd of being this Favourite, to engage the Thought and Wish of my sequestred Friends, I might, perhaps,

haps, be tempted to undergoe the Fatigue of waiting on the Press in the *Summer*, by the Consideration of Whom I was obliging by such a Task: But when I reflect on the other Hand what a Number of Those, whose Approbation I have reason to value, will be plac'd so distant from a Probability of conversing with Me, and find the Conveyance of my Papers to them such a Charge as well as Trouble: When I look forwards, and anticipate in Thought the Prospect of those burning Months, in which a *gilt Chariot* would be as refreshing to the Sight as a *cooling Shower* to the other Senses: when the *Female Shopkeepers* will be the only Beauties left us; when scarce a *powder'd Perriwig* will be seen in the Evening from a *Coffeehouse-Balcony*, and I may lay all Day on the Solitary Board buried in Dust and Obscurity, and owe a Perusal only to the Unemployment of the indolent *Waiters*: In this View, indeed, I think it is high Time to shut up the Campaign, and draw my Forces into their Summer Quarters. I must be content now, like the *Mercer's Silks*, to be decently folded up, and laid by for Fear of *tarnishing* in the Absence of Customers, till a Return of Cold Weather make the City

ty Populous, and invite me to re-appear, perhaps, in some *new Figure*.

I had not hasten'd the Scheme of discontinuing my Labours, but from being warned of what I must begin to expect, in the Leave which Some, who are pleased to subscribe themselves my Admirers, have already taken of Me. I shall insert a Part of these Farewell Epistles, because their Sense is of a Piece with some of my latest Subjects.

To the CENSOR of Great Britain.

Dear Mr. Censor,

I Must bid *Adieu* to your Company
 ' with a heavy Heart; convinc'd of
 ' the fatal Necessity of one of your Lec-
 ' tures, and retiring from Society to
 ' practise Resignation to it. You will
 ' easily divine, without my Assistance in
 ' expounding the Mystery, that I am un-
 ' der the Restraint of Paternal Authori-
 ' ty. Would I could easily reconcile
 ' my Affections to the Duty of my Obedi-
 ' ence! But, alas! my Heart is grown a
 ' Traytor to Discipline.

' The lovely, engaging, adoring *Cle-*
 ' *ander* has taken up all the Room in my
 ' Soul. I can form no Ideas but from
 the

‘ the Remembrance of his Person, his
‘ Faith, his Protestations. O! Mr. Cen-
‘ sor, he has *sworn away the Stars* at my
‘ Feet, as your Tragedians call it: Has
‘ summon’d all the Powers, Divine and
‘ Humane, to witness to his Passion; and
‘ told me, a thousand times, I was the
‘ only Object of his Happiness. The
‘ Profuseness of his Praises--But you shall
‘ not reproach me with their Repetition,
‘ or a Thought that flattering my self in
‘ the Truth of ~~them~~ causes me to regard
‘ him with so much Favour: I have
‘ view’d him in his Sincerity and Ten-
‘ derness, in an impartial Judgment
‘ form’d from his Conduct and Temper,
‘ and unhappily find that my Bliss is as
‘ absolutely centred in his Possession.

‘ Advise then a disconsolate Virgin
‘ how to submit to her Fate, or in time
‘ say something to abate the Rigour of
‘ a peremptory Parent, and give some
‘ Pause to his dreaded Resolutions. I
‘ know your Sentiments will have the
‘ Influence of an Oracle with him: Tell
‘ him how much it takes from Indulgence
‘ to impose on our Likeing: How it de-
‘ bases the filial Obligations to a Degree
‘ of Slavery; and too often (but hint
‘ this Point with Art and Caution;) drives

‘ the discontented Child beyond Repent-
‘ ance, and tempts her to curse the bar-
‘ barous Compeller of her Unhappiness.

‘ The Affection of a Father, Mr. Cen-
‘ sor, has shone out in my Education:
‘ He has given me all the Improvements,
‘ the Imbellishments, suitable to my
‘ Sense or Fortune, and must they now
‘ be buried in Obscurity? Should he, in
‘ Prudence, throw away the Fruits of
‘ his Expence and Ambition on One who
‘ has no Notions of elegant Accomplish-
‘ ments?

‘ Think what a Figure I shall make
‘ among *Hayricks*, or dabbling in the un-
‘ seasonable Dew of a *Cow-mead*. What
‘ a comfortable Time shall I have, that
‘ have been acquainted with *Levéés* and
‘ *Assemblées*, when I must attend my
‘ *Rural Lord* in a Morning *Visit* to his
‘ *Dog-kennel*; and exchange the Pleasure
‘ of *Serenades* and *Opera’s*, for the yelping
‘ of *Fowler* and *Rockwood*; and know no
‘ other Musick but their *full Cry*, un-
‘ less the *Vicar* entertain us with *All Joy*
‘ to *Great Cæsar*?—I have, really,
‘ but very slender Notions of these course
‘ Satisfactions. I am not yet of an Age
‘ to converse with *Salves* and *Sear-cloaths*,
‘ or put in for the Praise of *Cures* done

' in a Country Neighbourhood. I dread
 ' the Thoughts of riding Ten-Miles to
 ' a *Village Fair*; and have not learnt to
 ' converse with *Labourers Wives*, o'er a
 ' *Spic'd Bowl*, or *Dish of Cream*. For
 ' Heaven's sake, Mr. *Censor*, teach my
 ' Father that even the *Vestals* were ne-
 ' ver immur'd but for Incontinence; and
 ' that if he fears the Power of the Sea-
 ' son and his Daughter's Frailty, inform
 ' him that I would chuse rather to be
 ' *burnt*, than *buried*, alive. Consider, I
 ' am to be hurried down to a State of
 ' Life, where the reading of your Pa-
 ' pers will, perhaps, be call'd a Degree
 ' of *Ill-Housewifery*; and in which the
 ' chief part of my Study will be to grow
 ' acquainted with Tomb-Stones and E-
 ' pitaphs, and learn by heart how many
 ' Wives and legitimate Children Good-
 ' man *such a one* has cover'd under one
 ' lucky Stone. However gay I may
 ' seem, know that Affliction holds its
 ' Seat in my Bosom; and as you are good
 ' and compassionate, endeavour to relieve

Your constant (but distress'd) Admirer,

MONIMIA.

The next Epistle is *short* of the former both in *Substance* and *Quality*, and comes to me from a Member of a Sect, among whom I little thought to have cultivated any Friendship.

To the Person, who stileth himself the
CENSOR.

Friend, if thou pleasest,

I Am called by Custom and Family
 ‘ Importunities from this Town to
 ‘ a Place of Retirement until the Ap-
 ‘ proach of *Michaelmas* at least. It has
 ‘ been my Office, as President of our
 ‘ Club, to read thy Papers most general-
 ‘ ly to our Friends: And I am commissi-
 ‘ on’d from them, before my Departure,
 ‘ to let thee know that thou art deem’d
 ‘ with them a good Man. And that,
 ‘ excepting those *light* and *wanton* Essays,
 ‘ which we suppose thou wrotest in
 ‘ Compliance to the Taste of the Age,
 ‘ they think the Publick oweth not a
 ‘ little to thy Instruction. Thou might-
 ‘ est, doubtless, have been more severe
 ‘ in thy Remarks on the *Stage*, but thou
 ‘ professest thy self a Lover of their *In-*
terludes;

'terludes; So we bid thee heartily Fare-
'well.

Emanuel Prim.

*From the Coffee-house,
opposite to the Dog and
Doublet in Barbican.*

I have several Pacquets more concise than my Friend *Prim's*, and that are sent barely to take a Complimental Leave; and therefore I shall not give Them a Place *totidem Verbis*. I have a Number of Others that return me Thanks for contributing to their Diversion, and speak in Terms which a Modest Man should not love to repeat. I shall conclude, however with the Acknowledgment of One Correspondent more who is *no Quaker*.

To the CENSOR.

Worthy Sir,

' I Regret Nothing more, in being ob-
'liged to leave the Town, than
'losing the Pleasure of your printed Con-
'versation: As fearing those Parts, where
'I am now to reside, are not qualified
'for such an Entertainment. You know
'where the *Barley-corn* is of more Price
'than the *Pearl*, and with such *Dunghil*

K 3

Animals

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‘ Animals I must be confined for a Sea-
‘ son. Be assured, however, I so much
‘ respect my Pleasure, that I have or-
‘ der’d your Papers to be transmitted to
‘ me in Parcels, and to be follow’d by
‘ your Volumes as fast as made Publick.
‘ You cannot doubt with what Senti-
‘ ments I view You, and therefore I
‘ shall only subscribe my self,

Yours,

HORATIO.

N^o 90. *Saturday, May 18.*

*Tu, quid Ego, & Populus mecum desideret, audi;
Si Plausoris eges Aulæa manentis, & usque
Sessuri, donec Cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat.*

Hor.

THE Subject, which employ’d my
Pen on *Saturday* last, is not so far
exhausted but that I may resume it to
Day, especially as to those Parts which
were therein untouch’d, with regard to
the

the *Writer*, *Performers*, and *Audience*. I then considered the chief Reasons, to which the Decays of *Dramatic Writing*, and the Meanness of their *Representations* are owing. I shall advance one Point further, the Neglect of observing which has always hurt the Credit of *Scenical Compositions*, and their Performance. I doubt not but a great Part of my Readers have already agreed, that a *Decorum* is the Qualification so essential and necessary to the *Conduct* of the *Poems*, and *Carriage* of the *Persons* introduc'd on the Stage.

Monf. *Hedelin* has very justly observ'd, That there is no *Action of Humane Life* so perfectly single, as not to be accompanied by many little *Circumstances*, which do make it up, as are the *Time*, the *Place*, the *Person*, the *Dignity*, the *Designs*, the *Means*, and the *Reasons of the Action*. The due Preservation of these several Particulars is what the Criticks mean by *Decorum*, or *Decency*. But setting aside those Mechanical Niceties of *Time* and *Place*, the Inobservation of which shock *Probability*, I would confine my Remarks to Faults in *Conduct*, which arise from *Impropriety of Thought*, *Absurdity of Action*, or *ill-maintaining of the Characters*.

In the first of these Points the Genius, the Fancy, and the Judgment of the Poet are principally concern'd: And to these we may add, a very necessary Acquisition, a Knowledge of Nature. If then the Genius of the Author be not so great and extensive as we should expect it to be for such Undertakings, if his Fancy be either contracted, low, or vitiated, or if he be at a Loss in Judgment to correct the Flights of his Genius, or Extravagance of his Fancy, it will be in vain to look for proper Sentiments and Language. His Persons will talk without Distinction either to the Characters he would paint, the Rank and Quality he designs them to support, or the Circumstances of the Action in which he engages them. It would be very easie to multiply Examples of this Defect in our *English* Dramaticks, but as it is so easie for every Man's Observation to point them out to himself, the inserting any would but give my Essay an Air of *Pedantry*.

The *Absurdity* of *Ælien*, is as intelligible to every common Spectator, and more apt to create a Distaste in an Audience than the Improproprieties of Diction. All are not Judges alike of Language
and

and Sentiments, but most are sensible when Actions are ridiculous, extravagant, improbable, or ill-tim'd, without being beholden to their Acquaintance with the Stage, or a Knowledge of Rules. These are the strong Strokes of this animated Picture, which, drawn amiss, always betray the Inability of the Master, and disappoint our Admiration in the View of his Piece. It is certain our Passions can never be purg'd, our Pleasures satisfied, or our Reason reconcil'd to the grosser Irregularities on this Head: But with what Patience can Persons of Taste and Judgment, Persons regular in their own Conduct, and Such as could prescribe to the Poet what Turns they should expect from particular Circumstances, sit to see Absurdities that only Fools, or Madmen, should be guilty of? I believe No body will question that we have Judges of this nice and exquisite Palate, as to be disgusted at such Improproprieties in Things of a lower Nature than *Theatrical* Representations. I am tempted to tell a Story, which I have heard confirm'd, of the late excellent Mr. *Betterton*: who for his Knowledge and Justness in his Profession was what

Shakespear makes Hamlet say of his Father.

*He was a Man, take him for All in All,
I shall not look upon his Like again.*

'Tis said, he was prevail'd on once to attend a Friend to the Diversion of a *Puppet-Show*. He sat some Time with a world of Gravity, and Pleasure, to see the Motions of the little *Wooden* Personages, and admir'd how well the Wires, and artificial Mechanism supply'd the Offices of Life and natural Organs. At last one Incident in the Fable was the Death of the *Duke of Grafton*, who had his Head shot off in the Siege of *Limerick* or *Kilkenny*; (I cannot precisely decide this Point of History) when the Prolocutor to the Show, immediately upon this Circumstance of Sorrow, unluckily inform'd the loving Company, *That the next Figure to be presented was the Dutcheß of Grafton, who was dispos'd to entertain them with a Jig.*—Mr. *Betterton* here started into some Disorder, and turning on his Friend with a Look of Accusation for dragging him to such an Entertainment, 'Sdeath! Sir, says He, *the Duke's Head shot off, and the Dutcheßs coming*

coming to present *Us with a Jig? What Indecorum! What Intolerable Absurdity!* In short, all the Perswasions his Friend could urge, were in Vain to engage his Stay; and he immediately with Dissatisfaction quitted the Theatre.

I wish I could say, we had not some Compositions in the *Dramatick* Way, in which the Absurdities are as flagrant, and as likely to shock a regular, and distinguishing Spectator.

The Third Fault that I mention'd, which so often disparages our Plays, is that Egregious One of not maintaining our Characters. I do not so much insist on the Contradiction of History, (tho' the Poet should always have Regard to That in the modelling of his Persons) as in the representing *Achilles* less fierce and cholerick than *Homer* has made him, in forming *Ulysses* not so disingenuous as his Subtleties shew him on the *Grecian* Stage, or in making the rugged *Hannibal* a submissive Lover: But when either of these Characters, as we present them, differ with themselves in the Course of the Action; when they do not end the same Men they set out; but entirely recede from the Notions we had entertain'd of their Manners and Temper.

When

When any of these Defects are very conspicuous in a Poem, we cannot view it with any tolerable Satisfaction; but where they all join in the same Piece, we are naturally work'd up into Impatience and Provocation: We are not content with the common Methods of expressing our Dislike; but give our Resentments a Scope of Virulence, and Rusticity. Such sort of Compositions are a very good Explanation of *Juvenal*, when he says,

———*fregit Subsellia Versu;*

For we have seen Representations so bad, that, as we Moderns term it, the Audience have been ready to *tear up the Benches*.

The Want of *Decorum*, which I as yet have mention'd, is to be supply'd alone by the *Poet*; and That which concerns the *Actor* to maintain must like the Poet's be borrowed from Nature and Genius, and help'd by Instruction and Artificial Improvements. A Man may in some Measure be born an Actor, and struck out for a Degree of Imitation; but his Excellence must depend on an acquir'd Talent, his Gestures and Mo-

tions

tions must be regulated from Circumstances of the Stage, and a Knowledge of the Character which he is to support. This Man, if any, may, as I said in general Terms, *Proteus*-like, become capable of assuming all Shapes and Figures.

Those just Actors we boast, know, better than I should pretend to inform them, how much is owing to a proper Dignity, a graceful Tread, and Motions of the Arms and Body, peculiar to the Expression of the respective Passions: and how strong Applauses have follow'd from a just and fine Posture, without being indebted to the Poet's Thought or Expression. The Man that has not some innate Knowledge this Way, and does not owe a little to Happiness of Nature, will never arrive at a proper Grace, tho' he is studied in all *Cicero's* Directions, and in that excellent Abstract of Rules given to the Profession by *Shakespeare*; who, if Report does not injure him, knew more of the Science than he had an Ability of putting in Practice.

Tuesday,

N^o 91. *Tuesday, May 21.*

Hoc est, quod palles? Cur quis non prandeat, hoc est?

His Populus ridet, multumque——

Perf.

THERE is scarce any thing so generally pernicious, or that more contributes to the Declension of Families, and ruining of Estates, than the Person in Possession's indulging himself in Whims; and squandering away a Fortune, he either owes to his own former Industry, or the Acquisitions of his Ancestors, in the Prosecution of chimerical, and unprofitable, Studies.

The Misfortune is, that when a Man is turned so far a *Virtuoso*, as to have set an Intrinſick Value on *Vegetables*, when he is for tracing abſtruse Diſquiſitions in *Alchymy*, or has his Head taken up with *Metaphysical* Niceties, the Common Concerns of Life ſeem trifling and inſipid to him; the preferring a Daughter in Marriage,

riage, or building a Barn for the Improvement of his Estate, are Matters which will always be postpon'd to his Speculations, till the Girl pines at home for her Father's Negligence, and grows fit for Nothing but an Old Man's House-keeper; and the Farm is left by the Tenant for want of a Convenience to stow his Corn.

Were not the Consequences of these odd Sequestrations of a Man's Time to be consider'd, and the Expences which they unavoidably occasion, I have that Regard for Consanguinity and Household Dependencies, that I think it very warrantable for the Next in Blood to begin a Process of *Lunacy*, to dispossess their Frantick Relation of his Fortunes, and prevent the Dilapidation of an Estate in impertinent Enquiries. What a Dislocation of Time, and Subversion of good Housewifery must it create, when the Crisis of settling Dinner is advanc'd, to keep this Decision in Suspence, 'till the good Man has puzzled out the *Reverse* of a half worn-out Medal, or settled the Succession of the *Ægyptian* Kings, and accounted to himself for the Discordance of the *Chronologers*? Men of this strange Cast of Head will make the most trivial

trivial and insignificant Thing the Object of their Study; and cannot eat a Chicken with Parsley and Butter, without recurring to Antiquity to see in what Respect, or Application, *Parsley* stood at *Athens*, and *Lacedæmon*. My Friend *Baluzius* has employ'd himself these Ten Years, and neglected all Views of Advantage and Preferment, to find out the first Invention of *Knives* and *Forks*, and to ascertain whether they owed their Rise to the same Start of Thought; *Tubero*, the Critick, as useless in his Labours, has wrote Six Quires of Paper by Way of Enquiry as to the *Minotaur*, and in settling the Shape and Number of Knots in *Hercules's* Club.

The Impressions of a late Visit that I paid drove Me on the Consideration of these elaborate, but useless Antiquaries; of which Sect Sir *Tristram Littlewit* was One. The Conversation I had formerly had with this whimsical Knight, tempted me to take his House in my Rounds; when, knocking at his Door, I was inform'd he was just then Dead. The Servant, however, that remember'd my Face, would not permit me to go away without acquainting his young Master, to whom I soon found Admittance.

rance. The Young Gentleman, who had been pretty well wean'd from Sorrow by his Father's Impertinence, and streight Allowance, receiv'd my Condolements with much Ease, and fell freely into Discourse on Sir *Tristram*.— *I am left*, says He, *with an Estate not only incumber'd with Mortgages, but such other Things from which, I fear, it will be as hard to disengage it: My Mother's Jointure, which he has not spar'd, is to be made good by the Conversion of Air-Pumps, Chymical Furniture, broken Statues, and unintelligible Medals; together with those Tracts which he has writ, as you may see, on Subjects which will neither deserve the World's Thanks, nor the Bookseller's Purchase.*

He here put into my Hands a Bundle of Papers, inscrib'd on the Back with the following Titles. *A Definition of a Cataract: An Explanation of the Windows of the Heavens open'd in Order to the Deluge. A modest Enquiry into the Original of Musick: Together with some Reasons offer'd why Faith and a Fiddle were express'd by the same Word among the Romans. A Computation of what Extent of Ground Dido could invest with Thongs, cut out of an Oxe's Hide. Whether the Hieroglyphicks found in the Catecombs*
were

were not *Inscriptions of Flattery*. *A Comparison prosecuted betwixt Ambition, and a Grain of Mustard*. The only Tract I observ'd in the whole that seem'd to carry a Suspicion of common Sense, was *A Case stated between the Pagans and us, attempting to prove that they had more Religion than any Modern Christians*. But this Treatise of Hope was subscrib'd with this odd Memorandum: *That I offer Five and twenty years Purchase to Goodman Frible for his Field, the Romans having incamped on its Western Corner, and, 'tis probable, by digging it I may meet with Coins, Urns, Sacrificing Knives, or Monumental Lamps*.

These Informations drawing some Ridicule on their Projector defunct, that I may not suffer in Character with any of my Readers, I must acquaint them I had the Heir's Directions for inserting them, as also some Particulars of the Testator's Will of the same Stamp. For Brevity's Sake, and because the other Parts of his Testament are common with those of any Rational Man I shall purposely omit them; marking such Omissions every where with *Astericks*, as we generally supply the Chasms of Authors, where, as we say, *Desunt Multa*.

In

In the Name, &c. * * *

* * * *And as to my Earthly Part,*
since that the Custom of the Land will not
dispence with my Body's being burnt, I
do desire my Remains may be deposited in
a Coffin of Stone, with my Name, Qua-
lity, Age, and some Account of my Stu-
dies engrav'd on Brass in Saxon Characters
and to be laid on my Breast; The Engraver,
above his reasonable Payment, to have my
Two Copper Medals of Swythelme and A-
thelstan. * * *

* * * *Item, To my Physician, for his*
particular Care, and accurate Explanation
to me of my Distemperature, I give my fine
Edition of Galen, he first suffering my Heir
to make a Transcript of my Comments on
his Historical and Critical Passages.
Likewise I present him with my Statue of
Æsculapius, a little damag'd about the
Nose. * * *

* * * *Item, I do give to my*
Daughter Barbara my Collection of antique
Medals in Gold, desiring they may be sold
to the best Advantage for her by that worthy
Philologer, and my very good Friend, Mr.
Gronovius van Hoeffenbochen: Unless
her Husband be a Man of particular Learning,
and desire them, as her Portion, to be paid in
kind. * * *

* * * *Item,*

* * * Item, I give
*my Kinsman Isaac Stiffman, my Thoughts
 on the Bird of Paradise. And to my Cou-
 sin Fabritia Crowstitch, she having de-
 lighted to hear me discuss in Metaphysicks,
 my Notions of Space, and incorporeal Es-
 sences.* * * *

* Item, I do give moreover to my Dear
*Wife, above mentioned, All those Tracts to
 which I have put the last Hand to be pu-
 blish'd for her Benefit; desiring, however,
 that my Enquiry whether Artaxerxes Lon-
 gimanus, and Edward Longshanks had
 those Apellatives from a Parity of Reasons,
 may first have the Approbation of the Royal
 Society: And excepting from this Bequest
 my Expositions of the Alchoran and Reve-
 lations, which I give to my Reverend Friend
 Dr. Slip-stock.* * * *

* * * * Item, I give to my Two
*loving Sons in equal Division, my Library,
 and all my Astronomical, Hydrostatical
 and Pneumatic Instruments, entreating of
 them to prosecute their Studies amicably, and
 recommending to them, for the Regulation of
 their Conduct, the frequent Perusal of Ga-
 ragantua, and Don Quixote.*

* * * *

The Testament contains several other
 Legacies of an extraordinary Nature, but
 these

these are sufficient to set the Genius of the Testator in a true Light, and are all that I have Leave to insert. If the Terms and Names, interspers'd, seem harsh and unpolite, let my Readers remember they are the Words of an *Antiquary*, and I am not accountable for his Want of Elegance, or Language.

Advertisement.

*I hold it necessary to re-advertise my Readers, that for fear they should not discover the Beauties of this my Paper, it is purposely wrote in that Strain which the Criticks call, a Stiffness, and Stateliness, and Op-
rofeness of Style.*



Thursday,

N° 92. *Thursday, May 23.*

Μή ποτ', ὦ δέποιον', ἐπ' ἐμοί
 Τρυσέων τόξων ἐφείης,
 Ἰμέρω χείσας, ἄφυκτον οἶσόν.
 Στέργοι δέ με σωφροσύνα,
 Δώρημα κάλλισον Θεῶν.

Eurip.

IT is not a little pleasant to consider the several Modes and Degrees of Gallantry practis'd in an Age so fashionable as ours, and to reflect on the Freedoms of Address and Carriage, which, what we now call, the Preciseness of our Fathers would have stigmatiz'd with a worse Name than *Levity*.

We are now so far gone in our Airs of Gaiety, so bewildred with Foppery and Impertinence, that I believe we can scarce form to our selves a Notion of what our *Ancestors* were, of the Reservedness and Simplicity of their Conduct, or with what Fear and Caution they avoided the Imputation of Lightness and Extravagance. The Formality and Circumspection of Fourscore Years ago was so great,
 that

that I question whether it was not as suspicious to be seen talking with a strange Woman, as it is now to be caught with her at a Tavern. The Applications of Love and Courtship were then wholly begun by our Sex, and, perhaps, with as prudential Care as a General sits down before a Town. Marriages were made either from the Union of Hearts, or from the Convenience of Families; Cuckoldom and Elopement were Words understood by few besides the Lawyers; and a married Woman knew not what it was to entertain a Spark in her Husband's Absence.

This Severity of Morals is now perfectly antiquated; we have taken up a New Set of Principles and Fashions; and Decorum and Gravity, those venerable Distinctions, are succeeded by Flutter and Affectation, by Flights of Libertinism, and Prosecutions of Lewdness. A Part of that Sex, whom Modesty should cover as a Veil, are become so abandon'd to our masculine Vices, that they give the Invitation to Debauchery, and surprise us into Intrigue by the Forwardness of their Attack. 'Tis no very uncommon Thing, at the Ebb of Day-light, for a female Wanderer to cry, *My Dear,*
and

and *Captain*; and found your Inclinations in the Street by proper Questions and Glances of Expectation. For my own Part, always, when I am thus accosted, I mend my Pace, and clap my Hands to my Pockets to prevent Danger. I wish the unguarded Youth of the Town could pass the *Syrens* with the same Coldness and Contempt as I practise, and they would conquer Vice e'er it grew into a Habit, and come off safe both in Fortune and Constitution.

I question not but these *Bacchanals* would serve me as ill as those of Old did *Orpheus* for his Chastity, but I so little fear them, that, in Order to put a Check to the Mischiefs they may do, and in Honour to that Sex which they so scandalously disgrace, I have contriv'd certain Methods by which I shall grow more terrible to them than the Apprehension of *Working*, or of an *Informing Constable*: And I hereby give them Notice that, during the Summer-Season, I have dispos'd my Scouts in Platoons about the Town to watch their Motions, and bring them under the Lash of my Discipline.

As I am Guardian to the Fair by Virtue of my Office, I must likewise caution against that too common Gallantry of
our

our Sparks, who boast of receiving the last Favour from Ladies to whom they could never gain Admittance. 'Tis a provoking Thing to hear a pert forward Youth, born out either by the Strength of an Estate in Expectation, or a Stock of Assurance that he stands possess'd of, set a determinate Rate on Reputations, affirm that such a Woman is to be had at such a Price, and tell his Companions how often he has been happy with *Leucippe*; when, upon Examination, perhaps, he does not know what Colour her Hair is of, nor could say positively, were he tax'd, whether she lisps, or speaks plain. These Wretches, that give themselves such Airs of being receiv'd, are seldom without a Chamber-maid's Gloves or Fan in their Pockets, which they pass on Company for the Spoils of some great Fortune, or a Person's of considerable Quality that *shall be nameless*. They ever have the good Fortune to be pursued with Letters of their own Writing to themselves, kiss the dear Paper as if it brought an Invitation from their Mistress, and cry out with Transport, *Is it possible? Will she be so obliging? Angelick Woman!*

—— I could not wish a greater Punishment on this Race of Gallants than to have them all *Catholicks*, and obliged to

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bring these Sins of their Hypocrisie to *Confession*, if the Men practise any in that Religion. With what Confusion must one of these Penitents stand to declare, *I confess, holy Father, I have been rash enough to give out that I have had some Familiarities with Mirtilla, but I hope my Offence is not heinous, for I never saw her nearer than from her Chamber-Window, and cannot positively say whether it were She or no.*

There are others in the World who, by a kind Prepossession in their own Favour, think it impossible for the Female Sex to withstand their Attacks; these become absolute Adventurers in Intrigue, and, whenever an Opportunity of Address presents, no Woman living can scape their Impertinence. They meet, perhaps, with a little Success in their first Attempt, get a Ring or Gold Snuff-box presented them, that had pass'd from Woman to Man, from Man to Woman, for a Succession of Favours: this Encouragement heightens their own Opinion of their Influence, they hope to purchase their next Mistress at the Expence of their Last Mistress's Present, and thus a Chace of Gallantry is begun.

Clodio was enamour'd of the bright *Amanda*, who view'd him with all the Indifference

Indifference imaginable: He exerted all the Arts he was Master of to conquer her Insensibility, and artfully played a brilliant Diamond in her Eyes, which he wore on his Finger, to speak powerfully in his behalf. In the Midst of his Languishments, *Amanda* with Eagerness seiz'd his Hand to gaze on the Diamond. The transported Love rthinks his Suit in a fair Way from her Admiration, and, drawing the Ring off from his Finger, presents it to her in his Ecstasy: She takes it, and gazes with fresh Wonder; he conceives fresh Hopes, and ventures to kiss the fair Hand that receives it. *Amanda* is so employed with viewing it round, that she minds not his Foppery, but smiles to herself, and puts the Ring upon her Finger. The Lover thinks he is assur'd of his Conquest, and fancies the Hour and Place of Appointment settled. Sir, says the Lady, with Coldness and Reserve, *I am charm'd with this Diamond; and the Reason that I have receiv'd it without Scruples, is, that it is my Own.* Clodio starts with some Amazement. *My Husband, continues She, took it off from my Toilet above three Months ago, and has ever since perswaded me that it was lost.*—

Madam, says Clodio, you must be mistaken in the Jewel; for this I received from the

Countess of---- *The likeliest Thing in the World!* says *Miranda* again, for my Husband is very intimate with the Countess: He gave it to Her, She gave it to You, and I take it of You for Nothing, tho' my Husband has deserv'd well that I should pay the same Price for it, as the Countess did when she receiv'd it.

I had design'd to make some Inferences, as well as an Apology for the seeming Incoherence of this Story as it now stands, but I find my Paper will not allow it, and so shall leave the Event to excuse it.

N^o 93. *Saturday, May 25.*

— *Vos eritis Judices,
Laudine, an Vitio, duci Factum id oporteat,*
Ter.

THE Subject of the Stage has entirely employ'd my Pen for these Two last Saturdays, that is, the tracing the Reasons that has brought Dramatic Writings to so low an Ebb, and sunk the Generality of our Performers so far beneath the Excellence of Those that stand on Record,

Record, or such as we have heard our Fathers talk of with Pleasure. In my Second Paper on these Heads, I intimated a Design of saying something with Regard to the Spectators; and that shall be the Business of my present Paper.

It is very plain to Me, that even where a Play has been well finish'd by the Poet, and the Players have performed in their Characters with Judgment, the *Ignorance* or *Indiscretion* of the Audience have made it a very poor Entertainment. I don't know how it is, but of late Days, People seem to come to the Theatre, neither to be diverted nor instructed. Party and private Sentiments have so great a Prevalence, that the chief View with them is to wrest an innocent Author to their own Construction, and form to themselves an Idea of Faction from Passages, whence the Poet little suspected it should arise.

The necessary Consequence of these Prepossessions is turning the Scene to a Libel upon the State; when an Audience is neither employ'd on the Conduct of the Story, nor Excellence of the Player, but sit stupidly listening for accidental Expressions struck out of the Story, which speak the Sense of their own Principles and Persuasion. Such an Ap-

plication of Passages is grown so Epidemical, that a War of *Whig* and *Tory* is carried on by Way of *Clap* and *Hiss* upon the meaning of a single Sentence, that, unless Prophetically, could never have any Relation to Modern Occurrences. To shew the Force of these little Popular *Innuendo's*, as I was present not long since at the Tragedy of *Oedipus*, whose Fable is of above three thousand Years standing, when the Actors came to this Sentence, *Ay, Masters, if we could but live to see another Coronation*;----some certain Emotions were express'd in the Audience, which I have no Business to explain; and a cunning Matron, who sat on my left Hand, jogg'd her Neighbour's Knee, as much as to say, It was the Wish of more than One to her Knowledge. The catching at such Expressions, that have no Meaning but what is confin'd to the Scene, argues a very great Depravity of Taste, as well as of Principles, and seems to signify a Mind possess'd with Treasonable Images.

That these Applications contribute very much to the Detriment of Dramatick Performances, is plain from the Interruptions that they cause in Plays, when the Actors are forc'd to stand still, and attend the Cessation of their Uproar.

By

By these disagreeable Contentions that Part of the Audience which came for their Diversion, and to regale themselves with the Language and Passion of the Stage, are baulk'd of their Entertainment. Their Pleasure is broke in upon by Animosities they are at a Loss to account for, they cannot conceive the Stir is begun upon any thing pronounc'd by the Players, but look round to see if any Figure of extraordinary Ridicule be entered the Theatre.

This is one of the main Inconveniences owing to the *Indiscretion* of an Audience; there are as many likewise which flow from their *Ignorance*.

I cannot help remarking, that the General Privilege of judging which my Countrymen can purchase with their *Half-Crown*, the Liberty of applauding or exploding a Play at Pleasure, has expos'd the Shallowness of Many a Man's Capacity, and made him an Object of Laughter to those about him. I have taken no small Pains to observe the Passions, and Carriage of these Spectators on the main Incidents of a Play; and have made it my Business to single out such Persons whose Judgement I was suspicious of, and have rivetted my Eyes on

them during the whole Entertainment, to mark the Rise and Progress of their Emotions.

It would be unfair to publish a Comment on my private Observations, as well as very unentertaining, unless I could paint the Postures and Features, I would express, in the most lively Colours. Let it suffice to say, that when the Tragedy has been in the Top of its Ferment, I have seen Some sit and stare as stupidly as if their Eyes were fix'd, Others upon the Grin at the *Heroine's* Distress; and when she came to die, their whole Care has been to watch the Composure of her *Edop-Pelicoat*.

It is no small Mortification to a Man of a refin'd Taste, to see the finest Strokes of Poetry and noblest Draughts of Nature pass'd by without the least Murmur of Applause, tho' the Player has given them the justest Emphasis, and *suit'd his Action*, as *Shakespear* says, *to his Utterance*: At the same time, when any Fustian crosses their Ears, tho' never so insufferably bellow'd out, it is sure of meeting with the lowest Testimonies of Approbation.

Among the *Romans*, as far as I can find, the Judgement of the Audience

was

was never expressed till the Conclusion of the Play; for the *Valete & Plaudite*, which close most of their Comedies, had been very impertinent, if the Spectators had shewn their Distaste during the Action. *Scaliger* indeed says, when the Actors were either out, trifled in their Playing, or pronounc'd scandalously, they were hiss'd by the People who did not wait for the Determination of the Judges. I wish our Reasons of Explosion were as solidly founded; but, without Regard either to Action or Emphasis, we take a particular Spleen to a Person, and hiss him, as oft as he appears, from no other Cause but our own idle Antipathy. It were well in this Case if we were obliged to the same Punishment, to shew the Injustice of our Prejudice, as I have read is frequent among a People in *Madagascar*.

The *Jaribots* are a Nation of Dwarfs, the Tallest of whom exceed not eighteen Inches: and the chief of their Recreation, is that kind of *Drama* which we understand by the Word *Farce*. They hollow the Trunks of their *Baricot-Trees*, which are of a stupendious Height and Circumference, to make their Theatres, where they play their Comedies,

L s

which

which consist in merry Expressions and antick Gestures. 'Tis remarkable that all the Spectators bring with them a Sort of Whistle made of a Reed, to hiss the Players when they perform not their Part well, or take a Liberty of Lewd Talk, or unseemly Postures. But no Man is permitted to hiss without Cause: If any do, the Audience force him to get upon the Stage, and if he can play the Part better than the Actor he hiss'd, he is receiv'd to be an Actor himself: But if he play it worse, they drive him with Shame out of the Theatre, and forbid him from that Time to make his Appearance there.



Tuesday

N^o 94. *Tuesday, May 28.*

———— Nihil est profecto stultius,
 Neque stolidius, neque mendaciosius, neque argutum magis,
 Neque confidentiloquius, neque perjurius, quàm Urbani assilui
 Cives quos Scurras vocant.

Qui omnia se simulant scire, nec quicquam sciunt,
 Quod quique in Animo habent, aut habituri sunt,
 Sciunt: id, quod in aurem Rex Reginae dixerit, sciunt, quod
 Juno fabulata sit cum Jove: quæ neque futura, neque facta
 sunt,

Tamen illi sciunt; falsone an verè laudent, culpent quem
 velint,

Non flocci faciunt, cum illud quod lubeat sciunt. Plaut.

THat Compound which is made up
 of the Extravagances of the Un-
 derstanding, Will, and Passions of Man-
 kind, is commonly known by the Terme
 of *Humour*: It sometimes arises from the
 Predominancy of one single Faculty, and
 at Others from the Mixture of many:
 But always produces, wherever it reigns,
 the Effects of Mirth and Laughter.
 This, perhaps, cannot be confin'd to a-
 ny particular Nation; and tho' some have
 been more famous for it than their Neigh-
 bours, yet the Seeds of it being the
 same in all, we may safely affirm it as u-
 niversal

universal as Mankind it self, and that the Exertion of these Qualities in a more extraordinary Manner depended upon some Accidents that are not easie to be traced. Sir *William Temple* places the Foundation of the peculiar Excellence of the *Englisb* Nation in this Way upon the Liberty and Freedom of their Government, where, because it is allowable for every Man to say almost whatever he thinks, Wit breaks out and displays it self in ten thousand more Extravagances, than where Fear confines the Tongue from many Things which the Heart is full of, and wants to utter. In such Cases, if People are inclin'd to vent their Humour, they must do it as *Midas's* Wife did her Secret, dig a Hole, and whisper it in the Earth; whereas here there is no Place that is not capable of receiving, no Company that is not ready to hear, any Starts or Whims of Fancy, which the Mind of his Neighbour has conceal'd.

But however this Freedom may be thought to be one great Reason, since the Observation is fortified by the same Usage in the Times of Freedom at *Athens* and at *Rome*; yet when it grows to a great Height, and spreads it self almost
into

into a General Custom, it in all Probability proceeds from Imitation rather than any other Source. Let any Man, who is acquainted with this busie Town, survey but the Circles of the *Talkers* in all the Places of publick Resort, and he will certainly meet with a String of Disputants who mimick one another, and who rise, by a certain Gradation, to the first Grand Monarch of the *Coffee-room*. These, as they severally grow up to a Degree of Confidence, transplant themselves to other Quarters of the talkative World, begin to trust a little more to themselves, and give a freer Scope to their Thoughts, than when they were under the Restraint of a bare Imitation. Thus One, who has heard, observ'd, and mimick'd, for half a Year, the *Smyrna* or *Button's*, bundles up his Observations, grows sawcy, and is a Man of Wit and Information in the City. It is often known too that Observers from the *Change* have truck'd their Stock-Intelligence for Wit and Scandal at *St. James's*, and, by a mutual Intercourse between the Dealers in Wealth and Politicks, grown into a mix'd Animal, able to shine in any Parties of Conversation they are pleas'd to chuse.

This

This great Freedom, and its Effects, being so well known, to the Abuse of Civil Societies and all Good-manners, I shall take the Liberty of describing Two of these *Species*, that my Readers may point them out, and distinguish them by the Names I give them, the *Politick Knower*, and the *Politick Affirmer*.

The *Politick Knower*, is one who is enough acquainted with *Geography*, by the Help of the *Gazetteer*, to be tolerably acquainted with every Metropolis in *Europe*, and has a small Smattering in the Manners and Customs of the People, and is particularly exact in his Knowledge of the Seats of War. By this Assistance he can lead Armies wherever he pleases, march over Rivers, level Mountains, and dispose of Provinces just as it suits his Humour or Prejudice. If contradicted, he can have Recourse to the Map, and by pointing out Situations, shew what Blunders and Errors must be committed if his Scheme is not follow'd; and tho' it is not, and Success ensues some other Way, yet a few Months blot out the Memory of his Project, or, perhaps, the Reputation of his Skill is salv'd by an Enterprize something like it. As for the Matters at Home, he is familiar

liar enough with them to know Names, Places, Offices, and Salaries, from *The present State of ENGLAND*, in which he is deeply read; and, it may be, knows Heraldry enough to tell whose Coach or Chariot passes by. His own Curiosity, and common Fame, furnish him with the Knowledge of what is call'd The Characters of Men, which, as they stand upon such kind of Report, are commonly either most false, or uncertain. These, as they go in the Mass he has mix'd 'em, he can cut, shuffle, divide, subdivide, so as seemingly to make Parties and Intrigues at his Pleasure: and by confidently insisting on his Knowledge of some Great Individual, transferr the Weight of Business on any Side. He knows of Debates that never were design'd; and whatever are, he is pre-acquainted with all the Particulars that such Speakers intend, before they themselves know what they shall say. An Intelligence becomes Publick, he enumerates the minute Parts that are known to few; and, as he says, fewer dare speak of. All Mailles and Posts which can influence Publick Business, arrive first at his Quarters: the Impertinence of every Foreign News-writer, from his Management, improves
into

into a New Scheme of Politicks, and gives him an Opportunity of making, or breaking Alliances in his Harangues. He forecasts the Rise and Declension of Credit, and the Advancement and Disgrace of Ministers; and is only not One among the best of them, because Merit is seldom regarded, and Modesty keeps him back from Preferment. He repeats all private Stories of Wit, Repartee, or Affront, with an Air of being present at their Utterance; and knows what ought to have been said in Return better than any Man living. In short his Qualifications seem much the same, that the Old *Schoolmen* made for a compleat *Metaphysician*, to be able *Disputare de omni scibili*, and which he is, indeed, at all Times ready to perform. So much for the first Character.

The *Politick Affirmer* follows next, a bold confident Creature, of great Readiness to assent to any Proposition that relates to the shallow Scheme of his own Politicks. The Air of Truth or Probability, never enter into his Head; he is a Stranger to Exception and Reason; and what-ever he has a Mind once to have true, shall be so in Spight of the clearest Evidence to the Contrary. 'Tis Labour

bour lost to try to argue him out of an Opinion, from the common Topicks that bring Discredit on any Relation; a blunt affirming Oath, on his own Side, determines the Controversie to him in his own Favour. His Confidence changes sometimes to give him Credit where he is not known; and always takes it away from Truth it self, where he is. The Subjects of his Affirmation are as wide and comprehensive, as those of the *Politick Knower*: He affirms with equal Pretences to Certainty, of Courts, and Stocks, Lords Quarrels, and Ladies Intrigues, distant Battels, and Convocation Disputes. His Language is always in that Stile, which the Learned call *Egotisms*, *I say it, I affirm it.*

The Description which *Plautus* gives of these Creatures, is Natural and Delicate, and drawn up with a World of Vivacity and Spirit. *There is nothing,* says He, *is more silly, more ridiculous, more lying, more impertinent, more positive, nor a more perjur'd Set of Mortals than your constant News-mongers, whom we may term Intelligencers: They pretend to know every thing, and know nothing: they know what every Man has in his Head at present, or will have for the future; they know*
what

*what the King whisper'd to the Queen,
what Conversation pass betwixt Jupiter and
Juno; they know what never was, nor will
be done; they rail, and praise at Pleasure,
without any Regard to Truth, or Falsehood;
they care not what they say, so you allow
them to know, what they pretend to know.*

It were to be wish'd this was only a Description of Humour, and not to be found in any real Character in Common Life, where we meet with it but too often. The Evil Consequences that attend it are numerous, since such a Management sets up a wrong Standard of Judgment, confounds Truth and Falshood, and introduces Uncertainty in all mix'd Conversation. It makes the Person himself a Lyar to himself, and a Betrayer of Others; a Blemisher of unknown Reputations, and a Spreader of groundless Fears and Jealousies. It teaches Blockheads to talk, and Fools to believe; raises impertinent Enquiries which would never be thought of; and ends in the Prostitution of good Manners, Sense, and Honesty. As it makes all Persons equally Judges of Publick Affairs, and brings the greatest Points of Government to the Decision of a petty Board of insipid Talkers, it by That weakens the Bonds

Bonds of Society, and lessens the Dignity of Governors themselves. If every pert Mimick in this Way would, before he either affirms or gives his Assent to any thing, ask himself how he would have his own Character treated in the same Circumstances, it would be the best Method of destroying that numerous Race, which now abound, of the *Politick Knowers*, and the *Politick Affirmers*.

N^o 95. *Thursday, May 30.*

*Hominum immortalis est Infamia,
Etiam tum vivit, cum esse credas Mortuam.*
Plaut.

THE Assumption of that Name and Character which I have bore in my Writings, gave me an unlimited Privilege of Phrase and Style, and a Power of exhorting or reprehending at Pleasure. I think it my Duty, now that I have resolv'd for a while to unbend from Study, and give Way to Ease and Silence, to advise the Publick to suffer a Regard to
their

their Honour and Reputation to have the Awe of a *Censor* on their Conduct.

It is in every Man's Power to erect a Court of Judicature in his own Bosom, and if he have Reason enough to distinguish between Right and Wrong, he can easily pass a Sentence on his own Actions. It were mighty well if every single Member of the Republick would study to be before-hand with the World in the Examination into his own Character: For an Enquiry of this Sort, made without Partiality, would retrench the Number of our Vices, and be a Curb on our Impertinence. We should be asham'd of giving into Things, which, when blown, must expose us to Raillery and Ridicule: and if we had learnt the Art of condemning our selves for Faults, we should soon consider how little Mercy the Publick would shew to our Frailties, and what rough Treatment we must expect from their Censures.

The Satisfaction of wrapping our selves up in our Innocence and Integrity, the Pleasure of having no Crimes to upbraid our Memory, and a Defiance of the World's Malicious Comments, from an Assurance of our Virtue, are Comforts that can scarce be equall'd by any Earthly

ly Blessings, and Supports under the heaviest Aggravations of Fortune. I always look on this Advice of *Horace* with Admiration,

— *Hic Murus abeneus esto:*
Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere Culpâ.

It is indeed a *Wall of Brass* to Us, to be conscious to our selves of nothing Shameful, nor to turn pale at the Reflection of our Crimes. The great Difference of our Satisfaction, will be from the Source of our Confidence, whether it springs from a Conscience and firm Idea of our Integrity, or from our being harden'd in a licentious Practice, and having weather'd the Notions of Infamy and Disgrace.

The Distinction of these Two different Characters, is mighty easie from their Symptoms: The Boldness that arises from a Want of Guilt, as it is justifiable in itself, so it is becoming, and never shocks the Grace of Modesty. It asserts its Innocence without a Sawcy Presumption of Merit; and never makes its Appeal to the Publick, but to throw off the Stain of Scandal and Defamation. If the World grows unreasonably malicious

malicious and detracting, it rather mourns than despises its Injustice: and doubles its Caution in its Conduct, to make Calumny ashamed of taxing it.

The Confidence, that takes Root from a Perseverance in Vice, and a Disregard to the Thoughts and Opinions of Men, is at best but Impudence, and a Gloss of Integrity. It is so far a Stranger to Modesty, that it would impose a false Character on the World; and failing of that End, makes a Boast of its own Quality, and is careless how discours'd of, or approv'd. This acquir'd Principle makes People square their Actions by the Rule of Inclination; they have no particular Views to the Scandal they contract, but fortifying themselves in the Idleness of the publick Judgment, they set themselves above Censure and Observation, and so they can but gratify their own Passions, or bring about their Interest, they cry, as the *Sea-Captain* does in *ORONOKO*, *Let the World talk, and be damn'd.*

I grant to pinn our selves down, with too much Obsequiousness and Nicety, to all the Interpretations that may be put on our Actions, to fear the Descant of a censorious Age, ev'n when we give no
Occasion

Occasion to Reproach, is drawing on our selves a Series of Uneasiness. We cannot take a Step with that Prudence, and fair Meaning, but Ill-will may give it a foul Construction. Mankind in general are so full of Faults; that every one is for finding a Blemish in his Neighbour; as if a Defect discover'd in another help'd to conceal a Deformity in our selves. He therefore that rests too implicitly on the Judgment of the World, and is anxious, upon every Circumstance, of its Report, is sure to sit down unsatisfied with his own Conduct, and sell his Quiet to a Train of Doubts and unpleasant Reflections.

The Art will be therefore to preserve a *Medium* betwixt our Regard to Reputation and the Opinion of the Publick: To look on the latter as a thing we should court, but not sacrifice our Ease to obtain: To look on the Former as a Thing we must labour to maintain by our Conduct, but as what depends as much on the Caprice of the World and their Interpretation, as our own Prudence and Integrity. There is however this Consideration which should move us strongly to consult our Fame, and that is, if we once have made a Slip in Character,
or

or suffer in it from Malice and ill Construction, it is a Difficulty, next to an Impossibility, to retrieve our Honour, and reconcile our selves to the Thoughts and Opinions of Men. A Justification of our Actions, and an Evidence of their being misreported, are vain; we run away with Prejudice and Prepossession, and think it an Injury to our Understanding to be convinc'd.

The Consequences therefore of being the eternal Mark of Scandal, and contracting an *Odium* we cannot wipe away, should put us on the strictest Guard as to our Lives. A Man may have an ill Run in Trade, and be brought to the lowest Ebb of Fortune, yet by Industry and good Luck repair his Circumstances, and be born again on the Tide of Success. There is a Fluctuation in the Goods of Fortune, and if the Wind sits fair in the Shoulder of our Sail, our Lot stands on a Level with the rest of our Neighbours. But in the Case of Reputation, we are plagu'd with a sort of Trade-Wind which always blows the same Way. *Shakespeare* has touch'd the Difference betwixt losing our Wealth and Character in the nicest Strain, and given his Observation a Turn, which at once should

should make us tender of our own Reputations, and discourage us from wounding another's.

—— *Good Name, in Man or Woman,
Is the immediate Jewel of our Souls;
Who steals my Purse steals Trash; 'tis
Something, Nothing;
'Twas Mine, 'tis His; and has been Slave
to Thousands.
But he that filches from Me my good Name,
Robs Me of That, which not enriches
Him,
And makes me poor indeed.*

The Two Extremities we must endeavour to avoid, if we would think to keep fair with the World, are neither to be negligent, nor censorious in our Conduct. If we are careless of our own Reputation, we shall lye open to every loose Attack; if we are still upon the Catch to defame another, there are enough who will be industrious to make the Reprizal. We should therefore take heed how we do an Action we should condemn in another; or condemn an Action we might ourselves have done in the same Case. By such an Examination, on either Hand, Scandal and Infamy would

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have but very little Work; flagrant Vices would be avoided like dangerous Roads, and we should ever chuse the Path of Safety and Discretion. Without such an Impartial View, as *Bruyere* has observ'd, *The same Vices which are deform'd and insupportable in Others, we don't feel in our selves, they are not burthensome to us; but seem to rest without Weight, as in their proper Centre.*

N^o 95. *Saturday, June 1.*

Jam satis est:

Hor.

MY Bookseller having acquainted me that he has now a sufficient Number of my Papers to compleat his *Third* Volume, I have resolv'd here to fix my Rest, and from this Day shall remain in a State of Silence; therefore desire my Readers to look on this in the Nature of my Last Will and Testament, a Work which Men of Scruple and Superstition never begin 'till upon the Point of Death.

Tho' it argues something of an Infamous Way of going off, to leave a dying Speech behind One, my Bookseller, who is a Man of a smooth Behaviour, desir'd
me

me to conclude *with a sort of Flourish to the Town*; more regarding, I suppose, his own Interest in this Advice than my Reputation. I remember that merry Comedian *Plautus* ended some of his Plays, as I conjecture this Gentleman would have Me wind up. In his *Pseudolus*, particularly, as the Actors are all preparing to quit the Scene, Two of them stop to introduce the following Pleasantry.

Pseu. *I hac* Ball. *Te Sequor. Quin
vocas Spectatores simul?*

Pseu. *Hercle, Me Isti*

Haud solent vocare, neq; ergo Ego

Istos. Verum si vultis applaudere

*Atq; approbare hunc Gregem & Fa-
bulam, in Crastinum vos vocabo.*

Pseu. *Come this Way.* Ball. *I follow
you: But don't you likewise invite the Spe-
ctators?*

Pseu. *By my Troth, No: They never use
to invite Me, nor therefore do I Them. But,
Gentlemen, if you please to say that our
House and Play please you, I in-
vite you hither again to Morrow. All
the Use that I am to make of this Quo-
tation, is to let my Readers know, that
if they have been so kind as to think
my Lucubrations an Entertainment as*

they came out single, I would invite them, in my Bookseller's Name, to give them a new Perusal in the Volumes.

I have still endeavour'd, as I went on, to make them Essays so little dependant on Time and Circumstances, that they should not owe their Spirit to Novelty, but be the same Amusement whenever taken in hand: And the Publisher has taken Care to reduce the Volumes into that portable Size, that they will fit the *Pocket* as commodiously as the *Closet*, and yet they are printed in a Letter of that Magnitude as not to be burthensome to the weakest Eyes. Were I dispos'd to inforce my Invitations from a Train of Arguments, I might say a good deal on the Scheme of my Paper, on its being calculated for the Publick Diversion, what Pains I have taken to make it come up to that Design, and how many Difficulties a Work of this Nature lies under.

I profess, tho' I am not apt to be unreasonably vain, and yet have had some Success, 'tis no easie Labour to gain Reputation by such a Work. There is such a Variety of Tempers to be satisfied, such a Variety of Opinions to be combated, such a Number of uneasie Guesses at the Author, and such Ojections

ons sometimes started by your *Nibblers* in Criticism, that I have been tempted to disoblige my more candid Readers, and sullenly lay down my Pen in a Pett. To all This, I may add that intolerable Fatigue of having a *Printer's Devil* still at my Elbow, and the Necessity of supplying the Press in Time, whether my Matter were ready or no, tho' my Invention were never so dull, and I in never so bad a Humour to prosecute any Subject.

Perhaps, so very potent is the Itch of Imitation, some hardy Retainer to the Press, tho' I have fairly display'd the Incumbrance of such an Undertaking, may take it in his Head to keep me still in Being, and perswade the Publick, that my Cessation was but an Artifice to whet their Appetites: and therefore to speak in the Phrase of the *Street-Physician's Bills*, I do desire my Readers to *beware of Counterfeits*. I have positively suspended my self for a while, and cannot promise whether I shall ever appear again in the same Character.

I have another Request, and that is, that during my Retirement the Friends to my Lucubrations will not hearken to any Invectives which *Furius* may make against Me, now I have divested my self of the Power of Replication. I

know, he will rush out like a Bear unmuzzled, or an Evil Spirit that has been laid for a Season, and throw about him with unusual Rage; besides that the *Midsummer-Moon* is approaching, and then, we may expect his *Lunacy* somewhat higher. I have that Compassion for a Man in his Circumstances, that I heartily wish the Season may befriend him with Somebody *mad* enough to print his Rhapsodies; and then he may *eat* as well as be *inveterate*.

I have many more occasional Advertisements to make, but, like a Man that is incompass'd with Visitants, and packing up in a Hurry, I hope no Great Order can be expected from Me.

I am indebted, and consequently should pay my Acknowledgments to a Number of Correspondents, who have kindly endeavour'd to make my Burthen light by their continual Assistance. They have in their Generosity robb'd me of One Part of my Gratitude, that is, by Concealment of their Names prevented Me from letting the Publick know whom I particularly am to thank: And there are Some, whose Hand-Writing tho' I am acquainted with, yet I have no Licence to declare them. Among Those to whom I am indebted for Correspondence,

respondence, there are not a few whose ~~Pardons I am to ask, for taking no~~ Notice of the Contents of their Letters: And I here in Justice must let them know, that my Silence proceeded from no Dislike of their Wit or Style; but the Subjects of some were such as I conceiv'd could not contribute to the Publick Diversion; Others were too elaborate and Critical: Some were founded on Domestick Complaints, which I consider'd the Parties might afterwards wish had not been touch'd; and Others talk'd of Matters I was obliged to be deaf to, and which seem'd from their Contents to dictate a *Noli me tangere*.

To conclude then, if I have attempted to please without being impertinent; if I have inculcated Principles, that have neither thwarted Morality, nor hurt Religion; if I have sprinkled Satyre, and yet no Man can say he has been abus'd, I may boast this Satisfaction from my Labours, that how little soever Applause may be my Share, the *Censor* may lay down his Pen in Peace, and retire without the Apprehension of having any Curses attend his Memory.

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